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**POLITICAL PROSPECTS.**

**P**OLITICAL speculators, if they are well advised, confine their New Year's prophecies to domestic events. It may be presumed that a strong Government, implicitly followed by a large majority, will redeem some of its legislative pledges. Foreign affairs depend on more complicated causes; and repeated experience has confirmed the commonplace moral which is appended to several Greek tragedies. Providence, it was said, has found means to accomplish what was unforeseen, and what was expected has never happened. Whether the English forces will retire from Egypt within the year, or stay with or without the approval of other Powers, it is impossible to conjecture with confidence. The periodical rumours of impending war between Austria and Russia have lately subsided, and the death of M. GAMBETTA will perhaps be thought to diminish the chances of a rupture which was already in the highest degree improbable. No other source of international complications at present causes apprehension, though a fresh advance of Russia towards the Indian frontier might perhaps excite just uneasiness. Lord RIPON's proposed disturbance of the Permanent Settlement in Bengal, and his experiments in local government, have hitherto not been attended by any formidable agitation; but his policy is by some competent judges not regarded with confidence or satisfaction. Lord KIMBERLEY will find that the risks and difficulties of his new department are on a much larger scale than the questions with which he has had to deal in South Africa. Such an episode as the restoration of CEKEWAYO and the abolition of the petty States which were created four or five years ago would excite a feeling stronger than amused curiosity, if it were to occur in a native Indian State with some millions of civilized inhabitants. Lord KIMBERLEY's successor at the Colonial Office may perhaps be trusted to do nothing rash, unless circumstances should render total inaction dangerous. Lord DERBY may possibly be well advised in conniving at the evasion by the Government of the Transvaal of the obligations which were incurred under the Convention. The Imperial Government which disclaims the duty of defending the Cape Colony against the neighbouring tribes will scarcely think itself bound to protect natives who may be threatened with aggression by the Dutch Republics.

There is little doubt that Mr. GLADSTONE will in the coming Session endeavour to signalize his Government by vigorous legislation. His occasional and doubtful intimations of a purpose to make further concessions to Irish disaffection in the form of alterations in the Land Bill have not been received with favour by his followers; but it is possible that he may bring forward the disastrous scheme which he has lately devised for legalizing a Land League or Home Rule League in every Irish district under the name of a County Board. It may be hoped that a late wild and mischievous declamation on the wrongs of Ireland by Mr. HERBERT GLADSTONE indicates only his own incompetence and rashness. It is, on the whole, probable that Mr. GLADSTONE will allow Ireland a year's repose, for the purpose of destroying a few English institutions. He will almost certainly succeed, sooner or later, in abolishing the time-honoured Corporation of London. If he is content to transfer local administration to County Boards, the measure, though it will do no practical good, may perhaps be almost unopposed. A writer in the *Fortnightly Review*, Mr. G. RUSSELL, who combines profuse adulation of

Mr. GLADSTONE with hesitating approval of several of his favourite measures, seems to believe that the Permissive Bill, or the equivalent project of Local Option, will be included in the scheme of county government. The transfer of the power of licensing to an elected body from the much more competent hands of the justices will be popular among Mr. GLADSTONE's supporters; but, if the County Boards are to have the power of prohibiting the sale, and therefore the general consumption, of liquors, perhaps even the trodden Liberal will turn. In other respects the Government Bill will be awaited with languid curiosity. Its main object of depriving the landowners of their remaining influence will be accomplished; and the apparent anomaly of taxes imposed and expended by nominees of the Crown will be exchanged for the practical exclusion of the ultimate payers of rates from all control over their own contributions. The time which may be spent in discussing the County Government Bill might be less harmlessly occupied.

There will be no difficulty in passing the Corrupt Practices Bill, if it is resolutely pressed. Both parties have been tainted with the corruption which consists in direct and indirect bribery, though intimidation can scarcely have been practised since the introduction of the Ballot. Mr. G. RUSSELL, indeed, represents as corrupt forms of expenditure with which legislation can scarcely deal. "We no longer," he says, "buy our neighbour's votes at a pound a head, but we give sites for people's parks and found scientific museums." It is scarcely desirable that rich men should be prevented from giving parks to large towns, although they may hope to be rewarded for their liberality. If squeamish purists would inquire into the every-day practice of public departments, they would find that votes are bought more systematically and more cheaply than by the foundation of parks and museums. The moderately lucrative office of a local postmaster is habitually placed at the disposal of the member for the county or borough, if he is on the Ministerial side, or, if not, the power of appointment is given to some local leader of the party. The immediate patron is not unfrequently embarrassed by the confidence reposed in his judgment by the Postmaster-General or perhaps by the Secretary of the Treasury. It is intended that he should use his power for the purpose of administering a bribe; but there are too often rival candidates for the office who have been equally active in the support of the Liberal cause. Perhaps the Caucus may in some instances undertake the difficult duty of paying the wages of corruption. Hereafter it is almost certain that, as in the United States, the party Conventions will be principally employed in the distribution of political rewards. The ATTORNEY-GENERAL cannot be blamed for confining legislation to the grossest forms of bribery. The main fault of his Bill consists in the excessive severity of punishment which is applied to ordinary culprits. As long as other modes of purchasing votes are unavoidably tolerated, public opinion will scarcely accustom itself to treat one form of corruption with extreme harshness. It will be difficult to reduce the general costs of elections. Candidates are often mulcted in extravagant sums when there is no suspicion of bribery. In the United States, where votes are too numerous to command a price, the cost of elections is great, and is constantly increasing. It is a grave mistake to suppose that constituencies which may be deterred by fear of punishment from receiving bribes become competent and

trustworthy participators in virtual sovereignty. A voter who would take a bribe if he could get it will probably, in default of the opportunity of gain, consult his spite, his envy, or, or best, his ignorant prejudice, in the gratuitous bestowal of a commodity which is no longer saleable. The practical result might be better for the community at large if the vote were bought and sold in the open market. The only security for an honest use of the suffrage is the limitation of the number of electors, which, having once been thought a main support of the Constitution, is now regarded by shallow theorists as an obsolete abuse.

It is uncertain whether the suppression of the Corporation of London will be effected in the coming Session. Every former plan for the purpose has been either scouted by Parliament or dropped in its early stages; but, now that the Government has taken up the measure, it will almost certainly be passed. The abolition of the civic offices and revenues by transferring them to the representatives of a population of four millions will gratify democratic passion. In peaceable times the change may do comparatively little harm; but it is not prudent to create a formidable independent power in the immediate vicinity of Parliament and of the seat of Government. On this subject, however, as on many other political questions, it is useless to argue. The power of legislation is for the time, and perhaps permanently, vested in the Cabinet. When Mr. GLADSTONE has spoken the cause is finished. Not that his judgment is implicitly trusted even by his most devoted adherents; for, like Mr. G. RUSSELL, with the most ardent desire to obey their chief, they constantly deviate into censure of his measures; but, in addition to the great qualities which give the PRIME MINISTER legitimate influence over his party, the seats of half his followers are at his disposal. When a majority was disposed to reject his Rules of Procedure, a mysterious intimation to malcontents from the managers of the Caucus sufficed to produce abject submission. It is unfortunate that almost absolute power should be exercised under the influence of a revolutionary temper. No institution, no kind of property, no form of society is safe from Mr. GLADSTONE'S growing love of innovation. His partisans threaten landowners, as their successors will soon threaten capitalists; and the numbers of the constituency are about to be doubled at one stroke for the purpose of rendering resistance to change impossible. The prospects of freedom, of order, and of property are every year less cheerful.

#### M. GAMBETTA.

AFTER having been famous for twelve years, M. GAMBETTA has died at the age of forty-four. Seldom, if ever, has there been a famous man who, earning fame so early and retaining fame so long, has left it so difficult to say on what his fame rested. He organized the hopeless, aimless, romantic struggle of defeated France in 1870. He made the Republic during the Ministry of the Duke de BROGLIE. He was Prime Minister for a few weeks, and his Ministry ended in a sudden and total collapse. To launch two armies to destruction, to outwit a Parliamentary strategist, to be for a short time an audacious, but unsuccessful, Minister, are excellent titles to notoriety, but poor titles to fame. And yet M. GAMBETTA was not notorious, but famous; and his fame was the fame of greatness. That a famous man should also be held to be a great man is a pure matter of feeling, and is, therefore, incapable of analysis. France felt M. GAMBETTA to be great, and Europe recognized that France was right. There was in France no one like him, or second to him. When he died, the poetry of French political life died too for the time, and nothing but homely prose, honest or dishonest, remained. In holding that some very few men are larger, more fertile, more original than their contemporaries, the general judgment of mankind never errs. Men are great because they are felt to be great; and to be affected by this feeling is not in any way necessarily to sympathize with them, to approve them, or to be guided by them. A week ago there were in Europe three men who, in their several ways, were recognized as like their countrymen but beyond them—Prince BISMARCK, Mr. GLADSTONE, and M. GAMBETTA. No three men ever exposed themselves to more criticism, at once facile and just; but the end of all criticism on them was to recognize that they were a head and shoulders taller than their fellows. And

yet they were quite unlike; and even where they had points of likeness, it is evident that the gifts they had in common were the instruments, rather than the causes, of their recognized superiority. Mr. GLADSTONE and M. GAMBETTA were both great orators; but, as mere speeches, the speeches of Mr. GLADSTONE are scarcely equal to the speeches of Mr. BRIGHT; and, as far as speeches can be measured by reading, the speeches of M. GAMBETTA were never equal to the speeches of the Duke de BROGLIE. And yet no one ever called Mr. BRIGHT or the Duke de BROGLIE great men. Nor is the tribute of the recognition of greatness paid necessarily either to wisdom or to success. Hostile journals portray the life of M. GAMBETTA, now he is dead, as a long series of disastrous errors; but they go on to say that the whole history of France will be changed by his disappearance. M. GAMBETTA'S most unhappy hour seemed to be that when his ill-constructed Ministry was shattered; but this inglorious passage of his life was turned into perhaps the most glorious by the mode in which his downfall was regarded. France did not think its great man less great because he had fallen. It simply regarded the stage on which he happened to be treading as too small for him. It owned that he did not seem to do very well for ordinary life, but it made itself proud and contented with the thought that, if a great man should ever be wanted, it had a great man in reserve.

Although, however, it is impossible to dissect all the elements of greatness, it is possible to notice some of the qualities which seem to belong to all great men. The two chief of these qualities are intensity and moderation. The moderation is, of course, of a type compatible with the peculiar cast of the intensity displayed, but it is always discernible. If we are to seek for parallels to M. GAMBETTA, FOX and MIRABEAU are perhaps the historical figures that offer most resemblance, and both FOX and MIRABEAU were in their way moderate men. They had a largeness of view and a perception of the possibilities of things which distinguished them altogether from the more eloquent demagogues of their day. And of M. GAMBETTA no one can hesitate to say that he had at once intensity and moderation. Chance, no doubt, must come to great men, or they would not be great. M. GAMBETTA was the only Frenchman who had an opportunity of going up in a balloon to organize the national defence; but, so far as is known, he was the only Frenchman who could have organized the national defence when he came down. He saved the honour of France, and he in a large measure saved it by his ardour, his command over men, his indefatigable activity, his blindness to the ruin he was invoking. Even when enough had been done for honour to satisfy the exigencies of the most sensitive, M. GAMBETTA burned to go on. Fortunately for France, it then had the superior sense, the superior moderation, of M. THIERS to guide it. The career of M. GAMBETTA seemed at an end, for his fury appeared to have signified nothing, and there was a widespread and legitimate feeling that to glorify him too much was to forget that, if he had called to France, it was France, not Republican France, but France without distinction of party, that had answered to his call. It was then that the other side of his character came to light. He showed that he could efface himself, that he had patience and tact, that he knew how to wait. He gave himself up to figures; he made friends, he disarmed enemies. He earned by his moderation a title to reveal once more his intensity. By degrees he made his countrymen realize his intense love for France, and his intense devotion to the Republic. He believed, and he propagated the belief, that France was a great nation even after the German war. He believed, and inspired the belief, that the Republic was not merely the Government that divided Frenchmen the least, but the proper object of national devotion and the true source of national well-being. But he never lost again his hold on moderation in conduct. He proclaimed himself an Opportunist, and at once belied his early professions and shocked his extreme adherents by openly avowing that he could get on comfortably with half of what he aimed at. With this combination of intense but vague devotion to causes and practical adroitness and moderation, he stopped. He never came near being a statesman—that is, a man who, having the control of affairs, knows what is best for a nation and secures it. It always remained as probable that at any given moment he would say and do the wrong thing as the right. All that was certain was that he would never say or do a small thing. He was a patriot,

a man greater than other men; a man whose influence was elevating to France, capable of touching the hearts of the many and dominating or attracting the few; but he never was, and never could have been, a permanently useful, commanding, wise servant of the State. He rose, perhaps, to the height of resembling FOX; but he never could have risen to the height of resembling PITT.

A French journalist has recently pronounced of M. GAMBETTA that he was the incarnation of France. In the more timid language of English criticism, it may be said that, of all the great French politicians of recent times, he was the most French. In France there are many types, as there are in every country; but in every country there is a prevailing type; and, just as LORD PALMERSTON was recognized to be peculiarly English, so M. GAMBETTA stands out as having been peculiarly French. He was French in the sense that M. VICTOR HUGO is very French; that NEY was very French; that Paris generally, and the Quartier Latin in particular, are very French. He loved the kind of sublimity which only just escapes the ridiculous; he was ready to lead the wildest charges of political cavalry; he had the love of excitement, the love of pleasure, the finesse, and the exuberant joviality of the traditional Parisian who is twenty and lives in a garret. He was always and to every one *bon enfant*. Many hated him, but it was impossible to dislike him. He had the childishness and the utter absence of all shyness regarding the emotions of vanity or tenderness that make the typical Frenchman seem so strange to Englishmen. He liked the little trappings of wealth; he enjoyed, and owned he enjoyed, having a military guard with real swords and musical instruments when he was President of the Chamber; he let the papers know, not only that the PRINCE OF WALES breakfasted with him, but what was the breakfast he ordered for the PRINCE OF WALES. In spite of his freethinking, he lit candles in church out of respect for his mother's memory; and when asked what his friends would think of this concession to the enemy, he replied, "They would say that I loved my mother." Once he gets on the sacred ground of *ma mère*, a Frenchman feels and says that he is all right. Any one might have felt what M. GAMBETTA felt, but only Frenchmen would have said it. He, again, had the love of governing, of dictation, of setting other people right which Frenchmen sometimes conceal but are rarely without. He hated anarchists just as the moderately good people in French novels hate the burglars who give point and interest to the story. He had his own newspaper and his own little clique, after the fashion which to the modern Parisian has replaced the fashion of the historical salon. In all these ways and in many others he was peculiarly French; and what is remarkable is, perhaps, not so much that, with his antecedents and predispositions, he should have been so eminently French, as that, being so eminently French, he should also have been a great man, and have died as one of the central objects of European interest and admiration.

#### IRELAND.

THE Irish Government is singularly unlucky, or, to speak with a more perfect frankness, it is singularly ill served. If there is one thing certain about that maze of uncertainties, the Irish question, it is that Ireland requires an Executive which shall act with as nearly as possible the unfaltering accuracy of a machine. When it is once understood in that remarkable country that men have to do with a ruler who will never lift his sword without striking, whose blows will never miss, and who will never forgive, peace and prosperity follow at once. LORD SPENCER has some of the characteristics of such a ruler; but in the circumstances of modern days he is obliged to depend on subordinates, and to trust to those subordinates for the proper observation of certain recognized forms. His subordinates appear to be insufficiently aware of their responsibilities, or else insufficiently able to discharge them. It has already been pointed out how the prosecution of *United Ireland* has, after the example of the proceedings against DAVITT, sunk into a succession of adjournments, every one of which, whatever its real meaning, is taken by the disaffected as a stroke scored against the Government. The principal result hitherto of the notice taken of Mr. BIGGAR's words—words

scarcely worthy of more attention than those which are usually represented by blanks in the newspaper report of a tavern brawl, or, if worthy of any attention at all, only of prompt clapping of an extinguisher on the speaker—has been the practical repetition of them in a formal way by one of Mr. BIGGAR's colleagues under the privileged character of Mr. BIGGAR's counsel. Lastly, the indictment against the man who attacked Mr. Justice LAWSON was so badly drawn that part at least of it was, it would seem, technically bad, while the evidence which the Crown had got together to support the first and most important count was such that the Judge had to make something more than a suggestion to the SOLICITOR-GENERAL to enter a *nolle prosequi*. Fortunately in the last case a conviction was secured on a minor count; and no one of these matters, it may be said, is of much intrinsic importance; nor is it. But no one who knows Irish history and understands Irish character can doubt the mischievous effect of blunders like those referred to. It is certain that the series of convictions recently obtained for murder was an extreme discouragement to the disaffected. These little technical triumphs over the Government are exactly what is required to set them up again. Although Irishmen have lost much of their love of sport and their sense of humour, the spectacle of a Government, like a figure in a pantomime, fetching swashing blows that bring down nobody, except the unskilful swasher himself, never fails to inspire them; while each opportunity afforded for the privileged delivery of such a speech as Mr. LEAMY's the other day practically cancels the suppression of a meeting or the prosecution of a speaker.

The most pressing questions of the moment, however, in relation to Ireland are those of the probable concessions in the direction of self-government and the relief of distress. Mr. HERBERT GLADSTONE has followed Mr. CHAMBERLAIN in raising the hopes of the Irish on the former score. Mr. HERBERT GLADSTONE's rôle in the political drama seems to be now pretty well defined, and it is suitable enough to a young man, who, with none of his father's abilities or accomplishments except self-confidence and a ready tongue, appears to possess even less than his father's discretion. "One of the worst-governed countries in Europe," as Mr. HERBERT GLADSTONE describes Ireland—with a pleasing forgetfulness that his own father has been responsible for the government of Ireland ten years out of the last fifteen—is to be "educated in the knowledge necessary for self-government" by "drastic reform." Mr. HERBERT GLADSTONE is too uncomplimentary to the Irish people. They may not have the knowledge and education necessary for what he means by self-government (for it is only fair to suppose that Mr. HERBERT GLADSTONE is a loyal, though a not very intelligent, Englishman); but they have been thoroughly educated in, and are well awake to, what they mean by self-government; and there is not the least doubt in the world that they will avail themselves of any facilities that drastic reform may give them in order to acquire that self-government. In the same way it may be said that the lions in the Regent's Park are insufficiently educated in comparison with Mr. COOPER's more civilized beasts in the art of making their own living, and that the administration of the Zoological Gardens is sadly centralized. But, if the drastic reform of turning them loose in the neighbourhood were attempted, it cannot be doubted that they would pick up the rudiments of a certain art of providing for themselves very readily. It is of course impossible to know what (if any) precise plans underlie the vague language about local self-government which Mr. HERBERT GLADSTONE, his father, and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN have used. But English statesmen who propose, and English electors who permit, the adoption of any such plans cannot and do not do so without fair and ample warning. The state of Town Councils, Boards of Guardians, and other elected bodies in Ireland at the present moment, indicates accurately and fully what will be the result. In too many cases, if not in a large majority, these bodies, while careless and inefficient performers of their real duties, are energetic in availing themselves of their position for political purposes—that is, in plain language, for demonstrations against the integrity of the Empire. Their conduct is perfectly fair and open; it is positively generous in its frank admission of what would happen if more self-government were given to Ireland. It might almost be made a new Irish grievance that the obstinate Saxon declines to take account of the warning given in so chivalrous a fashion.

A great deal depends on the action of the Government

in reference to outdoor relief. It is now not doubtful that there is a good deal of distress—even more than the usual amount—in the West of Ireland. After recent events the natural assistants of the people—the landlords—cannot be expected, and indeed are in most cases unable, to give them much help. The Government, in a circular issued not long ago, distinctly discouraged the giving of outdoor relief, and the Irish pauper has a special dislike of the workhouse. Mr. PARNELL, it may be remembered, intimated that the circular would have to be recalled, and Irish members of less advanced views—in some cases dating their letters from places which have drawn down on them some gentle and by no means unfair satire—have endorsed his words. Now it may be at once admitted that in such a case it would be altogether unworthy of a just and wise Government to neglect advice simply because it comes from Mr. PARNELL. He is certainly an unlikely origin for a *via salutis* to start from; but, if the way is evidently salutary, that does not matter. English advisers (though it seems odd that any Englishman should bring forward the extraordinary contention that outdoor relief is given in English Unions) have backed Mr. PARNELL by a repetition of the Saturn and Jupiter argument. The repetition is unlucky. For it is precisely the abstract argument in this case which is in favour of, and the circumstances-of-the-case argument which is against, the indiscriminate, or even lavish, granting of outdoor relief in Ireland. The English agricultural districts are not over-populated; the poor have no special dislike to emigration, if it were necessary; it is not desirable that they should emigrate in large numbers; and private charity in really necessitous cases helps so largely that it may be fairly met and supplemented by a kind of public grant to the moderate amount needed. Distress in such cases is always temporary; and many years of reformed Poor-law administration, if they have not increased the love for “the house,” have distinctly depauperized the people. Every one of these propositions, true of England, is false of Ireland, especially the West of Ireland, and its contrary is true there. The two great causes of the permanent distress of Donegal, of all the Connaught counties, and the west of Munster, are, first, the over-population in proportion to the size and productive power of the holdings; secondly, the perfect readiness of the people to live on alms provided they have not to go into the workhouse. With the natural cure of the first of these evils Mr. GLADSTONE and his colleagues have forcibly interfered. It is now proposed that they shall forcibly interfere with the other. With fixity of tenure and with subsidies from the rates and the public purse whenever distress comes on him, there is no reason why the Irish cottier should not go on as he is to the Day of Judgment. These last words are only a phrase, but as they are currently used they awake curious thoughts, not exclusively of a theological nature, as to the responsibilities of those who seek to prolong such a state of things as now exists on the West coast of Ireland, not by mere neglect, but by active and direct interference with the natural and beneficent checks to it.

#### SIR CHARLES DILKE IN CHELSEA.

LITTLE fault can reasonably be found with Sir C. DILKE's election speeches. He has never concealed his opinions or materially altered them, unless a reference to youthful vagaries may be understood as a repudiation of some half-forgotten extravagances. If any members of the Cabinet were unexpectedly to deviate into the wise policy of letting things alone, the political section to which Sir C. DILKE belongs would still profess to be eager for subversive legislation. It is less blamable that a professed Radical should wish to double the number of the present constituency than that Lord HARTINGTON should, for party purposes, have pledged the whole body of the Liberals to a measure which will be as fatal to the aristocratic Whigs as to their nominal opponents. Statistical writers estimate the votes to be created by the extension of household suffrage as likely to form four-sevenths of the whole future constituency. The great majority of the new electors will be of the humblest class, as they will be dependent on weekly wages. No further change would be necessary to effect the practical disfranchisement of owners of real or personal property, of merchants, manufacturers, substantial tradesmen, farmers, and members of the liberal professions.

If there were any doubt of the result, the uncertainty would be removed by a further and more organic revolution which will immediately follow. Sir C. DILKE, adopting the language of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, exults in the approaching redistribution of political power. The division of the country into equal electoral districts will throw all power exclusively into the hands of demagogues or popular leaders who may know how to manipulate the dominant multitude, in utter disregard of the wishes and convictions of the rest of the community. It is natural that Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, and perhaps Sir C. DILKE, should contemplate with satisfaction a state of things as much more democratic than the political condition of the United States as the Australian colonies are more democratic than England was before the last Reform Bill. If, in spite of all probable calculation, any portion of the constituency should be troubled with reactionary or moderate scruples, it will be easy to open the door to the outside rabble, who will share Mr. GLADSTONE's ideal qualification of flesh and blood. Liberal electors in existing counties and boroughs are perhaps not fully aware that their representatives have promised to deprive of the franchise, before the present Parliament is dissolved, all towns with less than 50,000 inhabitants, and several of the smaller counties. It may also be conjectured that they have not calculated the consequence of inviting the proverbial man on the other side of the hedge to step over the boundary into his neighbour's field. Sir C. DILKE gives them fair notice that the representation of London will be largely increased, though he might have added that the City, which Mr. GLADSTONE at the last election disparaged on account of its wealth, will lose two or three of its members. Under the proposed constitution Mr. CHAMBERLAIN and Sir CHARLES DILKE will probably, after the retirement of Mr. GLADSTONE, dispense with the aid of the rest of their present colleagues. It is surprising that the destined victims should regard the change with complacency. Lord HARTINGTON, Sir W. HARCOURT, and the Cabinet Ministers in the House of Lords are all engaged in sawing off the boughs on which they sit.

As President of the Local Government Board Sir C. DILKE will find that his work is principally in the nature of routine, and in one of his speeches he expresses the intention of interfering as little as possible with the discretion of local authorities. He has probably not sufficiently mastered the details of his office to know how far he will have to control the operations of Poor-law Guardians, or of similar bodies. Corporations and Boards of Health seldom trouble the Local Government Board except when they require its sanction for contracting loans, which, again, are approved or disallowed in accordance with rules and precedents. The proposed County Boards will only be subject in certain cases to a central authority. The only business connected with local administration in which Sir C. DILKE is known to have taken an active interest is the proposed suppression of the petty Corporations which were lucky enough to pass through the sieve of the Municipal Reform Bill. It may be guessed that it was in the course of a search for some obscure abuse that Sir C. DILKE discovered the existence of humble Mayors and little Courts of Aldermen which do neither good nor harm, except that they afford innocent pleasure to a few provincial towns and villages, and that they have revenues which may collectively be worth confiscation. The enemy who first tracked the game has been the means of killing it, and the few survivors of a less intolerant time cannot hope to escape. It is not the first time that corporate property has been seized on the ground that it might be better employed. The turn of private owners will come; and, indeed, it has already been reached in Ireland. In former days, the variety of local and political institutions was not unjustly thought to be favourable to liberty and independence. Uniformity or superficial symmetry has now come into fashion; and Sir CHARLES DILKE, while he proposes to allow a certain elasticity in new by-laws, cannot abstain from sweeping away the harmless privileges of obscure country towns. The party which once called itself Utilitarian has now substituted for its former standard the reduction of all things to a level. The vast area and population of London are to be organized after the pattern of Leeds and Manchester, and the old rural boroughs are to be at the same time abolished. The smaller change will do no perceptible good, and the incorporation of the metropolis may cause indefinite harm. The spoils of the City are undoubtedly tempting to a

modern reformer. Not only the revenues of the Corporation, but the great wealth of the City Companies, is to be summarily taken from the present owners. Mr. FIRTH, who at the Chelsea meetings held a watching brief to protect his own electoral interests, may perhaps have grudged the encroachment of his colleague on his own appropriated subject of agitation. As a matter of course, both the members for Chelsea are prepared to hand over to the new Corporation not only the sewers, but the supply of gas and water. The municipal representatives of four millions of people will have enough to do. In this instance, as in other cases, reformers never reflect or inquire as to the practical result which may be expected from their proposals. If the property of the gas and water Companies is acquired on fair terms, neither the price nor the administration will be affected; and, indeed, the business will probably be managed as at present by the same experienced and competent officers.

On various suitable occasions Sir C. DILKE acknowledged the duty of being loyal to his colleagues. He could not have a more respectable excuse for a partial reticence which was in itself prudent and commendable. In declining to speak on foreign affairs the new Minister also took into consideration the probable tendency of any remarks which he might make to provoke foreign suspicion or criticism. A graceful tribute to the memory of M. GAMBETTA, who was a personal friend of his own, was wholly unobjectionable. As Sir C. DILKE more than once said, the list of Ministerial measures for the next Session must be settled by the Cabinet; but some alarm is justified by his confident expectation that many reforms besides those which were specially mentioned will be carried in the next two Sessions. In answering or failing to answer unreasonable questions as to his opinion of Irish administration, Sir C. DILKE displayed ingenuity and sound judgment. He had, he said, formerly determined to follow Mr. BRIGHT, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, and Mr. GLADSTONE; and since the retirement of one member of the extreme Radical section, he retained his faith in the survivors. On the conduct of Lord SPENCER and Mr. TREVELYAN he expressed no independent opinion, but he knew that it was sanctioned by Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, and therefore it satisfied himself. The other members of the Cabinet will perhaps not be altogether gratified by the confidence which is exclusively and ostentatiously reposed in two or three of their colleagues; but they perhaps console themselves by the thought that the Government as a whole will reap the benefit of any popularity which may attach to the profession of subversive doctrines.

#### FRANCE WITHOUT GAMBETTA.

THE void which M. GAMBETTA's death will leave in French politics cannot yet be appreciated. For some little time to come newspapers and speeches will be filled with recollections of him, and it will not be until affairs have again settled down into their ordinary channel that it will be seen how strong a hold he had upon the national imagination and the national hopes. Though his influence with his countrymen had its origin in events which had little to do with the usual course of politics, it remained almost unimpaired when his Parliamentary position was simply that of leader of one group among the many into which the Republican party is broken up. For months together nothing would happen in either Chamber to bring M. GAMBETTA's name before the world, and yet all the time his friends and his enemies were alike convinced that everything that the Government did was done at his bidding. Probably the extent to which he interfered with the action of successive Ministries was exaggerated. When a reputation for political ubiquity has once been gained, it costs but little to keep it up. Every now and then, moreover, M. GAMBETTA's presence behind the scenes was unmistakably felt. There were certain signs which, whenever they appeared in his organs, regularly presaged the fall of a Ministry or indicated the composition of its successor. On one occasion only M. GAMBETTA's habitual control over the Chamber failed him; but it has always been doubtful whether the defeat which so speedily followed upon his taking office was not expressly courted. It was shrewdly suspected that M. GRÉVY was of opinion that M. GAMBETTA might properly be added to the list of used-up Ministers, and under the circum-

stances it was impossible for M. GAMBETTA to refuse to take office. Being in office his next object, in the opinion of some who knew him well, was to get out of it as soon as possible, and by making the redistribution of the constituencies a question of confidence he was able to do this in a few weeks. From that day forward it was impossible for M. GRÉVY again to send for him. The divergence of opinion between him and the Chamber was too conspicuous and too hopeless for the PRESIDENT to ignore it. Until after the next general election M. GAMBETTA was free to remain the maker of Ministers instead of being Minister himself. If he had lived to see that time, it is probable that its interest would have been merged in the interest of an election of another kind. Only a week or two back M. WEISS was busy in laying the foundations of a discussion as to the extent to which under the existing Constitution the President of the Republic ought to take an active part in the conduct of affairs. M. WEISS's conclusion was that he ought either not to interfere at all or to interfere a great deal, and he blamed M. GRÉVY for taking a middle course between these two extremes. There is little doubt that this controversy was not raised without a purpose, or that this purpose was to familiarize the nation with the idea of a President after the American type rather than after the type of M. GRÉVY. M. GAMBETTA's observation of Prime Ministers was not likely to make him envious of the post for himself; while, if he had succeeded M. GRÉVY he would certainly not have been content to reign without governing.

Speculations of this kind show better than anything else what M. GAMBETTA has been to France. He infused into politics the unexpectedness, the versatility, the resource of his own nature. With a man of genius ready to accept power the moment he was offered it on his own terms, and resolved to refuse power until it could be had on his own terms, the possibilities of the future were endless. At any moment something might bring all his faculties into play, and no one could be sure that he yet knew in what coin such a draft might be honoured. Only the event can show whether the loss to the Republic is greater than the loss to the country, or only equal to it. We are told, indeed, that even to imagine the overthrow of the present French Republic argues a total unfitness for political criticism. The strength of conviction with which this is said would be more impressive if much the same thing had not been said by the admirers of every Republic in turn. The existing order of things in France has one great demerit. Its strength lies in the weakness of its foes. If the pretender to the French throne were a man of the stamp of ALFONSO XII. of Spain, this heroic confidence in the stability of the Republic would scarcely be felt. It is at least conceivable that some of those who now treat the Republic as the only possible Government for France would then be considering how soon it might be prudent to set up a Dynastic Left. The Paris Correspondent of the *Times* mentions one significant indication of public feeling about M. GAMBETTA. Among the *bourgeoisie*, he says, there is sorrow amounting to consternation; among the workmen there is entire indifference. In this instance the feeling of the *bourgeoisie* will be shared by the peasantry. The grief for M. GAMBETTA will extend to all who have anything to lose. Sorrow of this kind is indistinguishable from fear; and fear of the consequences likely to follow from M. GAMBETTA's death is not a sentiment that bodes altogether well for the Republic. If M. GAMBETTA occasionally made little excursions in the direction of Socialism, they were no worse than those made by Prince BISMARCK; and the propertied classes in France may not be unwilling to pay some such tribute, in the hope of buying off an invading proletariat. If he threw himself with too much ardour into the crusade against Catholicism, he mingled some discretion with his zeal; and neither the *bourgeoisie* nor the peasants seem to object to any humiliation of the priests which does not deprive them of their services on the rare occasions when they desire them, or leave them to pay for them out of their own private purses. There is nothing to show, therefore, that M. GAMBETTA's hold over the propertied and conservative elements in the French people had been weakened to any serious extent. He was still accepted as a champion against the Extreme Left and all the social and economical heresies which the Extreme Left are supposed to hold.

And now this champion is gone. The strongest man in France is no longer at the service of the most timid classes. While M. GAMBETTA lived they were Republicans because M. GAMBETTA was a Republican. Now that M. GAMBETTA is dead it is hardly safe to take for granted that their Republican ardour will undergo no diminution.

It is quite true that for some time to come there may be no trace of this change, and also that it may be altogether averted by continuous prudence on the part of the Republicans. In the first instance, probably, this prudence will be shown. Every one will be on the watch for some evidence of the injury that the Republic has sustained by M. GAMBETTA's death, and it will be the common interest of all sections of Republicans to disappoint the general expectation. The Session that opens next Monday will probably be unusually quiet. There may be a general disposition to avoid critical questions, and to give the magistracy and the Church a respite from attack. There is nothing, however, to make it likely that this truce will be more than momentary. After all, death has but done to the man what the Extreme Left would have done to the politician. It has taken M. GAMBETTA out of the world, and they would gladly have banished him from affairs. We may be sure that this desire did not stop short at his person. It extended to the opinions of which he was in so eminent a degree the representative. The habitual position of the Extreme Left is that an Opportunist Republic is not worth having; that, if they cannot get rid of institutions they abhor, their labour has been all in vain; that, if they have still to put up with an irremovable magistracy and an Established Church, they might as well be living under a Monarchy. There is no reason to suppose that Opportunism will survive M. GAMBETTA. What it really stood for was the particular compromise which he thought best calculated at the moment to rally a majority round him. He seems never to have thought out any scheme of mutual concessions as between Republicans and Conservatives; and though, had he lived, he might have attempted to frame such a scheme later on, he has certainly not confided any draft of its provisions to his followers. The organization of a French Parliamentary group does not require that the leader should surround himself with a recognized staff; and though M. GAMBETTA had abundance of henchmen, it was rather as Director of the *République Française* and two or three other newspapers than as chief of the Republican Union. There is no reason to suppose that any one of them will try to fill his place in the Chamber, whatever they may do in journalism.

#### SOUTH AFRICA.

THE Ministry has at last shown what it meant by the partial restoration of CETEWAYO. After prolonged and somewhat unseemly delays it has begun the work of restoring him to his dilapidated throne. It is reasonable to suppose that its hesitation has been largely due to the opposition offered to the return of the KING in the English colonies and by the agents of the English Government. It is even reported that this feeling in the colonies is so strong that CETEWAYO is to be smuggled back by an out-of-the-way road apparently to avoid unpleasant demonstrations. It is obvious, however, from the small size of the escort provided for the KING that the English authorities do not fear any effectual opposition from the dispossessed chiefs in Zululand. Their submission to the KING's return shows that our nominees cannot in the majority of cases have exercised any effectual power. The consent of the minority which was strong enough to offer a dangerous resistance has been secured by means which are highly characteristic of the policy of the Ministry. USIBEBU, CETEWAYO's cousin, whose territory is in the north of Zululand, is to be allowed to retain his complete independence as the reward of being far off, and strong, and unmanageable. OHAM, the KING's uncle (whose land lies in the west), is to be left under his nephew's power, but apparently with some undefined guarantee for his safety. It will be remembered that this chief deserted to us during the late war. HLUBI, a Basuto whom we brought into Zululand and made a chief, and JOHN DUNN, the two leaders whose lands form a belt along the north frontier of Natal, are to be disposed of in another way. They are deposed from their chieftainship, reduced to the position of

mere headmen, and their country annexed by England to form a species of military frontier for Natal under regularly appointed officers. This last step is admirably in keeping with the general policy of a Ministry which came into power by general denunciation of annexation. The advance into Zululand may go to keep company with the annexation of North Borneo; while the treatment of HLUBI and JOHN DUNN is quite worthy of the line taken towards the loyalists in the Transvaal.

The real character of this settlement illustrates the truth of Sir BARTLE FREER's theory that when once the English border touches that of a barbarous State, the conquest of the latter is only a question of time. He is fond of insisting that, however unwilling we may be to advance, we have no choice. It is possible to stop the direct interference of English colonists with the savages; but only by taking up the task of governing them. Sir BARTLE FREER could scarcely ask for a better proof of the soundness of his colonial policy than the dealings of the Ministry with HLUBI and JOHN DUNN. No Colonial Minister could well be more opposed to anything likely to lead to an extension of our territory in any part of the world than Lord DERBY; and yet almost the first measure taken since his entry into office has been an annexation. We may be sure that nothing of the sort would have been done if it could have been avoided. That it could not be avoided is a complete condemnation of the policy of abstention in dealing with savages. Although it is never well to behave with ingratitude towards such men as JOHN DUNN, it is, on the whole, a good measure to establish a military frontier under responsible authorities between Natal and Zululand. But the success of the measure must mainly depend on the policy we intend to pursue towards CETEWAYO; and it is only too probable that we are again going to try and act on the principle of letting ill alone. It does not appear that any effectual steps are being taken to prevent him from getting into chronic quarrels with his cousin and his uncle. The KING himself is known to be very ill satisfied with the terms on which he has been restored. He complains that they have been imposed on him by force; and when a man who has at least a certain amount of power makes such a complaint, it is not rash to suppose that he will only submit as long as he feels unable to free himself by force. If that is CETEWAYO's state of mind, and it is highly probable that it is, we have only provided ourselves with another enemy by restoring him. When it was first proposed to restore him, many of those best acquainted with Zululand gave it as their opinion that if he was to be sent back at all it should be to the whole of his former dominions. There might in that case be some hope that he would remain our friend. If he were deprived of part of his dominions, and shorn of much of his power, he would assuredly be our enemy. It would appear that the course of events is already justifying these prophets. It is always possible, however, that CETEWAYO may sit so uneasily on his throne as to be unable to give us any trouble, however good his will may be. For it would appear that his faithful people who were supposed to be calling for his return are not particularly well pleased with the granting of their prayer. It is greatly to be desired, for the preventing of such things in the future, that the true history of Bishop COLENSO's agitation may be written by some person possessed of the necessary knowledge, and endowed with a competent talent for irony. After months of monotonous assertion that the Zulu people were longing to see their Prince again, that his loyal chiefs would never rest till they had him back, and so forth, it turns out that the very men who used Bishop COLENSO as their mouthpiece are frightened out of their wits to learn that their beloved master is indeed coming. What they meant when they clamoured for him was, it now appears, that they should get a nice little chieftainship each to console them for his loss. If CETEWAYO is a little nervous at the prospect of going back among his faithful people while they are in this frame of mind, he is certainly not to be blamed. It is far from improbable that some of the lesser chiefs, who are uneasy about the view he may take of their conduct during the late war and while he was a prisoner, may find it safest to put him out of the way. Whether CETEWAYO regains part of his power and kicks against the settlement, or Zululand continues in a state of anarchy in spite of his return, it is highly probable that we shall, before long, have to take the whole

country in hand, as we have done with the territory of HLUBI and JOHN DUNN.

In other parts of South Africa there is no apparent change in the welter of confusion in which the white settlers have so long lived with the coloured tribes. Basutoland is in the old familiar state of miserable anarchy. The Cape Government have not got rid of their difficulties by dismissing General GORDON. What the exact nature of these difficulties is, nobody, even in South Africa, seems to know. It is only obvious in a general way that the Cape Government follows the policy of weakening the chiefs by division and setting them by the ears. It is a policy which is cruel and imbecile, but the Cape Colony enjoys the blessings of self-government, and uses them after the manner of colonies in dealing with native races. The Transvaal Government continues to indulge in the safe, if undignified, amusement of insulting its "suzerain," and does not pay its debts. The noble Boer governors are also engaged in perfecting something which is called "taxation by labour," from which it would appear that the name of apprentice as meant for a slave has become flat and unprofitable. It is not likely that anything the Transvaal Government may choose to do will be noticed by the Ministry as long as they keep within bounds of any kind, but a scheme to organize the slavery of the blacks may conceivably cause trouble. The philanthropists who do not object to leaving the Kaffirs to anarchy and civil war would certainly clamour if they were too openly compelled to work for the benefit of their white masters.

#### THE LOCAL GOVERNMENT BOARD AND SIR CHARLES DILKE.

THE Local Government Board has not always had its fair share of public attention or public honour. Under the late Administration it once more became one of those offices which confer on their holders a seat in the Cabinet when it happens to suit with party arrangements. At no time since the multifarious duties which it now discharges were laid upon the Board ought its chief to have been thus treated. The analogy of title makes us regard the Home Secretary as the English Minister of the Interior; the analogy of functions rather points to the President of the Local Government Board as the English representative of this great personage. The Home Secretary tends more and more to become a Minister of Justice, and, if it were not for the fact that London is exempted from the Public Health Act, this change would probably by this time have been generally recognized. The Local Government Board is fortunate in getting Sir CHARLES DILKE for its chief. An office gains when it is magnified by its possessor, and Sir CHARLES DILKE may be trusted not to let himself or the place he fills be forgotten. In his speech to the electors of Chelsea last Monday he proved that he had already taken stock of his new duties; and with Sir CHARLES DILKE there is more probability than usual that the work there is to do will be really done.

It would seem that the main feature of Sir CHARLES DILKE's administration of the Local Government Board is to be decentralization. In his first speech he placed himself on the side of local independence as opposed to that of central supervision, and he has since applied the principle to almost every point of detail. Sir CHARLES DILKE appears to think that as local authorities are more left to themselves they will become more efficient. This is true, no doubt, of some authorities, and may be true of more in some exceedingly distant future. A great municipality commonly wants to do more than the law permits it to do; a small municipality not seldom wants to do less than the law commands it to do. The less imperative the attitude of the central authority is, the more active these opposing tendencies are likely to become—at all events, in the first instance. As time goes on they may, it is true, be modified. The sense of responsibility in the larger municipalities may be quickened by the knowledge that the central authority can no longer be trusted to prevent it from making blunders, while the enlargement of the field of local work may induce a better class of men to interest themselves in the affairs of the smaller municipalities. But the advance in either of these directions will be slow. Sir CHARLES DILKE will probably find when he leaves office that decentralization is more than anything else a drag on the official wheels. On the other hand, a decentralized system has one conspicuous merit. The progress made under it

may be slow, but it is sure. Under the most centralized organization there must be a vast amount of work which must be done by the local authorities or not done at all, and decentralization certainly tends to keep these local authorities in good humour. Even then they may not be very efficient, but at least they are more efficient than when they are out of humour. If they do not rise to the level of their duties, they are not able to persuade themselves that they are defending the principle of municipal independence against a centralizing tyranny. In local government, as in all other government, the Minister can but work with the tools he has, and among the tools of the President of the Local Government Board are included some thousands of separate bodies who have to be made in some degree equal to the tasks imposed upon them. Where the power really possessed by the central authority to enforce its commands is exceedingly small, it is well to avoid straining it. No doubt, if the Local Government Board were to put out its full strength, it might, by dissolving and superseding local authorities, take a large part of local administration into its own hands. But it could only do this at the cost of an unpopularity so great as to seriously threaten its existence in its present shape. As a rule Sir CHARLES DILKE is probably right in preferring to confine the functions of the Board to suggestion and advice. If it were possible to make men really active in obeying orders of which they disapprove, it might be worth while to take a more positive tone. But the perfunctory obedience which satisfies the letter of the law goes but a little way towards satisfying its spirit; and if the effect of centralization is to multiply instances in which this perfunctory obedience is all that is rendered, it will in the end have done next to nothing.

Sir CHARLES DILKE spoke with just feeling of how much remains to be done before the condition of the poor can be said to have kept pace with the general increase in wealth. Both the town workmen and the rural labourers are better off than they were at the beginning of the century; but this does not prove that the improvement has been as great as it ought to have been. Over and above the numbers who have become paupers by their own fault, there are many who have become paupers from causes which they could not influence. Sir CHARLES DILKE proposes while he is at the Local Government Board to examine how far the aggregation of large and the extinction of small estates bears upon this question; and, if he approaches the subject without undue prepossession, he may possibly arrive at some useful conclusions. We suspect, indeed, that if Sir CHARLES DILKE inquires candidly and thoroughly into the matter, he will find the connexion between pauperism and the English land system less close than is disposed to think it. But the problem how to mend the condition of the poor is so complex and so obscure that all investigation is to be welcomed, if only it is content to examine the facts as they present themselves, and not to import them from without. In one part of Monday's speech Sir CHARLES DILKE showed an evident tendency to fall into this latter error. He complains that, as regards a large portion of the country, the most dignified and most important of local functions are withdrawn from the representatives of the people and left in the hands of nominated Justices of the Peace. Sir CHARLES DILKE admits that the Justices have not done their work badly; but he complains that in imposing local rates they are taxing people who are not represented, and therefore, "although there is no reason to believe that the powers have been abused, it is nevertheless desirable that Quarter Sessions should be reorganized upon a popular basis, and reinforced by the strength which is derived from popular election." To this mode of putting the case there are two great objections. The first is that it makes no mention of the extent to which the imposition of local rates is already in the hands of elected bodies. Before making the statement just quoted, Sir CHARLES DILKE ought to have made some answer to Mr. SCLATER-BOOTH's comparison of the sums which are dispensed by the county magistrates with those dispensed by Boards of Guardians and other elective bodies. If Mr. SCLATER-BOOTH is right, the proportion which the former bear to the latter is exceedingly small; and, of the taxes imposed by the Justices, the greater part go to pay for work which must be done whether the ratepayers like it or not. When Parliament has laid certain specific and costly obligations upon the county authorities, it matters little whether these authorities are nominated or elected. They will equally have to find the money, and the one way of

finding it is to levy a rate of so much in the pound upon the real property within their jurisdiction. The second objection is that experience supplies no ground for expecting that the work which is now done by the Justices will be done any better by a more representative body. The Boards of Guardians are representative, but it cannot be said that their part of the county work is any better done than the part which falls to the share of the magistrates. It may be admitted that in theory a body of men, chosen mostly for no other reason than that they possess land in the county, ought not to have the management of county business. But when they have had the management of it for a great number of years, and have been proved by actual trial to be very well suited to the work, to displace them by a body which has not done particularly well the work it is already charged with argues a love of change for change's sake. Is there so much room for satisfaction in the administration of the Poor-laws by the Guardians, or of the affairs of the smaller towns by Local Boards, that we need be in any hurry to reconstruct county administration on the same plan? A rough but effective process of natural selection does somehow bring the most competent men to the front in the Quarter Sessions business, and there is no reason to suppose that we shall get better men when they are chosen by the votes of the ratepayers. As regards county expenditure, indeed, the Justices are a representative body. They are among the largest contributors to the rates, and they have consequently at least as much interest as any other ratepayers in keeping them down. That they are not able to do more in this way is due to the very large part which expenditure made compulsory by statute plays in the county budget. County administration under a formally representative system may cost more than it does now, but it is scarcely possible that it should cost less. The change will certainly not be made in the interest either of economy or of efficiency.

#### ARMENIA AND THE PORTE.

THE importance of the recent change of policy of the Porte towards Armenia, as set forth in a letter to the *Times* which appeared on Thursday, and which was somewhat imperfectly commented on in the same paper of that day, may very easily be overrated if the observer fails to take count of the ingrained deficiencies of Mussulman government. It is perhaps more easily underrated if the observer is not historically acquainted with the facts of the case. The incidents of the SULTAN'S Eastern policy during recent years show no doubt the full drawbacks of an *ondoyant et divers* system of personal government. ABDUL HAMID has been swayed by every wind of political doctrine that can possibly affect a man who is theoretically autocratic and practically but ill informed as to the actual limits and conditions of his autocracy. It would have been very difficult (in familiar language) to make a greater mess of favourable opportunities than the SULTAN has made of the opportunities afforded by the recent relations of his chief vassal to England. It would not have been easy to misapprehend the attitude of the different European Powers towards the Sultanate more completely than has been done in the various transactions which have followed the Berlin Treaty. But it is fair to say that the proceedings of the European Powers themselves have been such as were likely to puzzle a much more practised and adroit student of politics than the Sovereign of Turkey. Putting cant and hypocrisy aside, there is no doubt that the interests, real or supposed, of almost every Great Power except England lead that Power to a more or less conscious desire to weaken Turkey. The objects and aims of Russia are by this time so open and clear that only stupidity can charge with Russophobia those who state them clearly. France, whether wisely or not, has committed herself to the idea that a strengthening of the Power of the Porte means a weakening of her own hold on Africa. Italy is merely greedy of Tripoli, or of anything else that can be picked up. There are no reasons for suspecting the good faith or blaming the actual proceedings of Austria; but it is impossible to deny that, in relation to the Balkan peninsula, the process of plucking the leaves of the artichoke has begun. Every one who is not a mere tiro in Continental policy knows that the interest of Germany—not a direct or immediate interest, but an indirect and

constant one—is that this process should be consummated. But to England the retention of the power of Turkey, more or less intact, is neither a bugbear nor a problem. Englishmen have long found that a *modus vivendi* with Islam is quite possible, that it involves nothing dishonourable, unprofitable, or inconvenient. But they also, unless they are merely ignorant or merely partisan, know that it would be much more convenient, much more profitable, and much more honourable, if the partner to the *modus* would be good enough to set his house in order.

On the view taken of the details of the setting in order a very prevalent misconception as to the character of the Berlin Treaty and its attendant negotiations has no small influence. These proceedings, taken together, had both merits and demerits which have not been common in English diplomatic arrangements. They had the merit—very rare in such arrangements—of aiming definitely at a definite end. Had they been carried out, for the first time since the time of the elder PITT, a grandiose, if not really grand, foreign policy—quite different from the mere hand-to-mouth devices of the revolutionary war—would have been entered upon. A continuous belt of Asia from Smyrna to Shanghai would have been by various means secured to England. But these arrangements also had the demerit—still more rare in English diplomacy—of neglecting details. It may have been impossible to foresee that party animosity would, out of mere spite, throw away the advantages actually obtained and secured on many points of vantage on the line. But the plan had the undoubted defect of aiming at too much at once. Even the resolute patriotism of the men of eighty years since, who flung away blood and treasure for much less gain, might have hesitated at the notion of at once arranging a protectorate over Asia Minor, securing to Persia an Eastern extension and a Northern frontier line sufficient to defeat hopes and fears from Russia, arranging the strategic frontier of India, and putting China in a position to defy the encroachments of her Northern neighbour. The thing partook too much in appearance (at least for the Englishman of the late nineteenth century) of the designs of King PIERROCHOLE. It could perhaps have been done. There is no valid evidence that even PIERROCHOLE would have been foiled, but for the efforts of GARGANTUA, a GLADSTONE with the addition of humour, and of FRIAR JOHN, an early Nonconformist with the difference of good-fellowship. But its details were so many, and the unknown in them was so great, that the result on the cautious English temper, which combines in so odd a way gullibility by the commonplace with distrustfulness of what is not commonplace, can hardly be surprising.

The Armenian affair—which, late and not too decidedly, the SULTAN has, according to the accounts above referred to, made some attempt at settling—is one, and not the least important, of the numerous details involved in this great and, for the present, ruined scheme. Luckily there was an oppressed nationality in question; and, though Lord BEACONSFIELD'S successors have not shown themselves very active in the matter, they could not decently interfere with the efforts which two experienced and intelligent Ambassadors have been making. The Armenian nation, as it delights to call itself, is one of those curious popular unities which, though almost powerless for good, are very powerful for ill. Individual Armenians have distinguished themselves in Russian armies, and (much less frequently) in the service of the Porte. But the people as a whole have shown little faculty of resisting either the Russian enemy or the Kurdish raider. Yet, also as a whole, they have no kind of inclination to change their allegiance, while the undoubted hardships to which they have been long subjected give Russia a most undesirable *locus standi* as their champion and avenger. The slights and indignities which for some years past have been put on the Armenian PATRIARCH, whose loyalty to the Porte has never been questioned, have been among the most wanton and incomprehensible manifestations of that fatal loss of grasp of the situation which has recently characterized Turkish rule. There is no conceivable reason why Turkey should offend the Armenians unless to please the Kurds. Now the Kurds, whatever they may have been in former days, have recently been most unprofitable servants. In the last war they were equally notorious for untrustworthiness in the day of battle, and misconduct on all other days; and since 1878 they have chiefly been noteworthy as stirring up constant causes of difference between Turkey and Persia—a difference which it is at least as

much the interest of the SULTAN as of the SHAH to obviate. Quite recently a saner course of conduct seems to have been entered upon by the Porte. The Kurdish leader OBEIDULLAH has been put under real restraint; measures have been, according to the *Times'* Correspondent, taken to satisfy the Armenians by paying proper attention to the officer who (since the Catholicos of Etchmiadzin is under Russian sway) is, as far as Turkey is concerned, their chief national representative; and some vague idea seems to be entertained of offering inducements to English capitalists to work the almost virgin treasures of Asia Minor. This course of conduct may be a passing freak, or it may not be one. It may or it may not have something to do with the recent curious gust of dissension between Russia and Germany. It would be in any case sanguine and visionary in the highest degree to build much upon it. But in any case, also, it is perfectly sensible as far as it goes, and as far as it goes indicative of a return to something like an actual conception of the needs of the actual situation. It is perfectly clear that the only salvation for Turkey is, as far as internal policy is concerned, to tend, and not merely to shear, the motley sheep of which she happens to be the shepherd; and, as far as external policy is concerned, to trust in the only Power which has, and in the nature of things can have, no designs against her. No Englishman, unless he be of the Gladstonian school, wants to pose as the disinterested and guardian angel of Turkey. The English cards can be played on the table and face upwards. It is much more advantageous to England that the Sublime Porte should continue to rule its subjects, if it will only rule them decently, than that a scramble and devil-take-the-hindmost race should take place among the European Powers for the fragments of the Turkish Empire. Every evidence, therefore, of resipiscence on the part of the SULTAN can only be greeted in England with satisfaction, tempered it may be with a devout, but not altogether sanguine hope, that the evidence may not be too good to be true.

#### WELSH EDUCATION.

MR. CORNWALLIS WEST has had the courage to look a gift horse full in the mouth. He does not exactly bid the Government take back their offer of 8,000*l.* a year for the endowment of two Welsh colleges; but he suggests that 8,000*l.* a year without the two colleges would be very much more useful. For some time to come Mr. CORNWALLIS WEST's position in the principality will hardly be an enviable one. He will draw down on himself the indignation of two classes of persons—those who are directly interested in the establishment of the proposed colleges, and those who fear that if Welsh educationists show any signs of divided counsels as to the purpose to which the grant shall be devoted, the Government may relieve their hesitation by removing the cause, and withdraw the offer altogether. Mr. CORNWALLIS WEST is apparently anxious to avoid the wrath of the people of Cardiff and Swansea, the rival candidates for the grant in South Wales, for he takes care to say at the beginning of his letter that he deals solely with the question as it relates to North Wales. Unfortunately the arguments he brings forward to show that a college is not wanted in North Wales are equally applicable to South Wales; and even if it were not so, he has done quite enough to make himself unpopular by virtually proposing that the existing college at Aberystwith shall be closed. Of course he does not put this base suggestion into words, but inasmuch as Lord ABERDARE's Committee are of opinion that the college cannot go on unless the Government comes to its aid, to appropriate the grant to other objects is to deprive Aberystwith of the solitary distinction it now enjoys. Mr. CORNWALLIS WEST has consequently that title to be listened to which any man may claim who espouses an unattractive cause. The foundation or preservation of a college is a far more striking use of money than the distribution of it through the many small channels which Mr. CORNWALLIS WEST advocates. Whether he be right or wrong in his preference for the latter mode of expenditure over the former, he is at least not afraid of unpopularity. If he had been, he would probably have turned his letter into an argument for giving the new colleges a still larger share than the Government proposes to grant them.

His objection to the proposed scheme is that it is

beginning at the wrong end. Education in Wales, he says, needs four things, not one of which a college would give it; and it does not need the one thing which a college would give it. The first want is thoroughly efficient elementary schools, the second is efficient intermediate schools, with scholarships to be held by lads between fourteen and seventeen. It may be noted in passing that Mr. CORNWALLIS WEST calls these schools "higher elementary or intermediate," thus showing how very easily the one idea develops into the other. The next thing is night schools, also provided with scholarships for young men whose education has been neglected; and the fourth is good first-grade schools. It is clear, if these things are really what the Welsh want in the way of education, that they would not be provided by the proposed colleges unless these colleges themselves undertook to do the work of a first-grade school. The Report of Lord ABERDARE's Committee says that this is exactly what Aberystwith College does; at all events, in the opinion of some of the witnesses examined. Neither in respect of the attainments of the students, nor as regards the nature of the instruction given, is the Aberystwith College at all in advance of an ordinary first-grade school. From this Mr. CORNWALLIS WEST argues that the Government grant must inevitably be wasted if it is spent in keeping a college of this kind alive, or in setting up a new college of the same kind. A college must be fed by the schools below it; and, so long as these schools are bad, the college must be bad. The "supply of properly-trained students" to feed it will be wanting. If this argument stood alone, it would not be conclusive. Mr. CORNWALLIS WEST argues that what is true of a poorly-endowed college will be true of a well-endowed college; and if the only action of a college were to train the students sent to it, this would, no doubt, be a correct mode of reasoning. If no students come, or if they come insufficiently prepared, the professors will either have nothing to do, or they will be forced to teach the students things which they ought to have learned at school. But a well-endowed college has another function. It attracts students by the prizes it holds out to them; and if these prizes are only given to those who can win them fairly, the inducement offered to the foundation of good intermediate and first-grade schools, and to the improvement of those already in existence, is very great. It might be some time before the college was full, or before it was able to find holders for all its scholarships. But the fact that these scholarships were to be had by any student who came up to a prescribed standard, and by no one else, would be certain in time to stimulate the schools whose business it is to prepare students for the college examinations. Of course, if the college at Aberystwith has already made trial of the plan, there is no more to be said. But the references made to it in Mr. CORNWALLIS WEST's letter seem rather to indicate that it has not been able to make trial of it. The professors are not sufficiently independent of their pupils; and whatever a student wants to learn, that a professor must teach, though it may be that the student ought to have learnt it five years before. If this is so, the failure of Aberystwith College tells us nothing as to the failure of any other, or of Aberystwith College itself under different conditions.

Mr. CORNWALLIS WEST next argues that Wales does not contain enough young men who want to come to a college to make the experiment a success. It is said, he observes, that "there is great difficulty in finding sufficient students to make the colleges, even in such large centres of population as Bristol and Sheffield, all that was expected and desired at the time of their foundation, and in Wales the difficulty would be insurmountable, unless boys were accepted as students who should properly be at a grammar school." If this contention is well founded, the case for the proposed colleges falls to the ground. If there are no sufficiently prepared students, it may be well to stimulate the creation of them by founding a college, but if there are not sufficient students well or ill prepared, the foundation of a college can have no effect. No doubt the examples quoted, supposing the facts to be correctly stated, are very much to the point. If Bristol and Sheffield cannot find students enough to fill a college, it is not likely that Aberystwith will be more fortunate. As Mr. CORNWALLIS WEST does not bring forward any evidence in support of the statement, it is impossible to form a decided opinion as to its truth. If he has such evidence in his possession, he will be well advised to

produce it. He has, however, another string to his bow in the shape of the argument that, if Wales is in an educational condition which entitles her to have colleges of her own, she has practically a choice of them already. If there are none inside the Welsh border, there are abundance on the other side. Liverpool, Manchester, and Oxford "are at her very doors." This is hardly so weighty a piece of reasoning as Mr. CORNWALLIS WEST seems to think it. It is true that at Liverpool the fees do not exceed from 15*l.* or 20*l.* a year, but they are probably higher at Manchester, and certainly higher at Oxford, and poverty may be the real reason which prevents Welsh parents from sending their sons to any one of the three. It is not the fees only, but the whole manner of life that has to be considered, and it is probable that a student in a Welsh town, where he is familiar with the ways of the inhabitants, and knows how to make money go furthest, would find that he could live on a good deal less than would be necessary in an English town. Whether he could do this or not, his parents would certainly believe that in point of cheapness a purely Welsh would have decided advantages over an English college, and as students cannot come to a Welsh college so long as their parents have not made up their minds to send them there, a parent's estimate of the matter is of very great importance. Mr. CORNWALLIS WEST tries to make his position impregnable by the argument that the sensible and practical middle-class people of Wales are so convinced of the benefit their sons gain by coming into contact with their English, Scotch, and Irish fellow-countrymen, that even after a Welsh college was established they would still send their sons to complete their education out of Wales. If this is true, it can be of very little use to found a college in Wales; but we are not quite satisfied that it is true. Or rather, it would be true if every Welsh parent had the means of sending his sons out of Wales. If he has not—and there must be many parents who are in this condition—a Welsh college might be very much better attended than Mr. CORNWALLIS WEST thinks likely. A right decision can only be founded on local knowledge or local testimony of a very thorough kind. Mr. CORNWALLIS WEST deserves praise for raising the question, though he cannot as yet be said to have done much to settle it.

#### A NEW ANTHOLOGY.

AMONG the many peculiar delusions to which the Cultured Person is subject, there is none more active and pernicious than the delusion which persuades its victim to believe that he, and he alone among mortals, is capable of producing an ideal anthology. The unhappy creature of whom this dreadful idiosyncrasy once takes possession is perhaps as saddening a spectacle as our civilization affords. His is a hopeless case indeed. There are no lengths in error to which, under the impulse of his fancy, he will not find it in him to go; there is no sort of freak from which, in the pursuit of his desire, he will find it in him to refrain. Abundant and unimpeachable witness to the truth of this is afforded by a recent publication. We refer to the *Living English Poets*, MDCCCLXXXII., lately issued by Messrs. Kegan Paul. Outwardly the book is insignificant, albeit a trifle æsthetic. You see that the Muse of Culture has not frowned upon its birth, but that her approbation has had no particular consequences. It is bound in parchment, adorned with a frieze, or dado, or dado-frieze, in black and red, of some but not remarkable unsightliness; it has a preface in the inevitable italics and in vague yet emphatic English; it is graced with a curious emblematic frontispiece; and that is all. In itself, however, it is a kind of masterpiece. Its authors—for there went more than one wit to its contrivance—choose, with a discretion of which their work presents no other example, to remain anonymous. The choice has cost them dear. To a retiring disposition they have sacrificed the certainty of a sort of pre-eminence. Had they but signed, they had gone down to posterity as the authors of what is probably the worst book of its kind in existence.

Their object is laudable enough. In the noble and peculiar English they affect, "they have prepared an anthology which aims at being no casual or desultory assemblage of beautiful poems, but one which presents in chronological order examples of the highest attainment, and none but the highest, of the principal Poets of our own age." "It has been felt," they add, that "it was of the highest importance to avoid anything like narrowness of aim, and above all to secure exemption from the prejudices and the partialities of any one school." This being the case, it is pleasant to know that they believe themselves to have been "scrupulously catholic"—whatever that may be—"in their views": that "they have not undertaken the work in haste"; and that, "as far as they are able to learn," there is "no living writer of verse, whose works have enjoyed any reputation either in a wide or narrow circle, to whom they have not given their unbiassed consideration." What is the worth of this com-

modity we shall presently see. Meanwhile, to go on with the preface, it is still more pleasant to know that, "if any names are found to be omitted here," the editors are ready and willing to "take upon themselves the responsibility of having felt obliged to omit them deliberately." To this rule, they add, there are two exceptions. One "eminent writer"—whose verse, it appears, "deserves to be not less widely read than is his prose," and who is certainly not more wise than eminent—has snubbed them to the extent of declining "to be bound with others in a selection." To be complete, the sentence should include the words "of their making" after the word "selection"; and in this shape it may well have presented itself to the eminent writer's mind, if not to his pen. His refusal, we learn, "is in one sense a great regret to the Editors." Still, they argue, "it is not wholly without its compensations," inasmuch as "all readers who are aware of the omission of any favourite poet will of course consider that he, their own Apollo, is the fastidious One who has refused to allow his flowers to be twined into the general garland." The eminent writer's companion in obstinacy is described as a person who "has succeeded in forgetting the flight of time." As he is, not unnaturally, "unwilling that others should take note of that swift passage of years which blanches even poetic locks," he is also "unwilling to comply with the chronological system which is an essential part of the Editors' plan." Leaving these partial creatures to cherish their objections as they please, the Editors, "having desired to include, to the best of their judgment, representative pieces from all the verse-writers who may really be called in any high and lasting sense Poets, have been gratified to find that the names have for the most part arranged themselves by a quantitative test in an order which approximately is that in which the public voice has classed the names selected." From this strain of scientific rapture—as of men inflamed with arithmetic, as of statisticians in an ecstasy of contemplation—they break off to admit that the test is not "infallible, or without its exceptions." They then proceed to remark that "it has not been thought fitting" to make extracts from the modern poetical drama, inasmuch as, incredible as it may seem, "detached passages suffer by division from their context," and that, for this reason, Sir Henry Taylor "is here represented by lyrics alone," of which, they gracefully remark, "he has written far too few." Proceeding in their statement, they are careful to note that in "facetious and fantastic verse" the "present age has been particularly rich." Still they "have only ventured to avail themselves of it sparingly, and where an underlying seriousness of purpose and a close attention to form seemed to give it more than an ephemeral value." This, as they remark, is of a piece with their general conduct. Throughout the work their intentions are strictly honourable. They have gone about their business thoughtfully, and they take themselves very seriously indeed. With them, as they are free to confess, "it may be said that a conviction of the enduring qualities of poems and of Poets has been allowed to outweigh a mere sense of brightness or cleverness in workmanship." It is evident, too, that they are exceptionally well fitted for the performance of their task. They have read, and they have profited by their reading. Thus, they "have been particularly struck . . . with the excellent manner in which much is nowadays said, which in its essence is scarcely worth the saying." That is a discovery which, at this time of day, was worth making indeed. Its effect upon "the Editors of the Present Selection" is remarkable. It will hardly be believed, but it is nevertheless a fact, that "they have not considered that such pieces, though in themselves at times exquisite, are likely to be of permanent value." It is obvious that to arrive unaided at so desperate a conclusion is to have a critical faculty of no common order.

It will be admitted that, apart from the faults of arrogance and bad taste and inexpressive English, the Editors' preface is rather unobjectionable than not. It is unwise, no doubt, to play at being posterity; and to assume Apollo's function and pose unasked as the arbiter of immortality is of all amusements the most perilous. Anthology-making is a captivating trade; but its difficulties are enormous, and success in it—as even Mr. Matthew Arnold has found—is not easily achieved. A good anthology is one of the best of books, as a reference to Mr. Palgrave's *Golden Treasury of Songs and Lyrics*, and Professor Colvin's *Selections from Landor*, among others, is enough to show. If the work is well done we shall hardly quarrel with the workman, be his pretensions ever so flagrant, and his oddities ever so ostentatious; he has laboured to good purpose, and is worthy of his hire. Had "the Editors of the Present Selection" been half as fortunate in their choice of matter as they are content with themselves and the result of their endeavour, they might, unchecked and unimproved, have behaved themselves even more fatuously than they have—as fatuously, indeed, as none but your anonymous writer may. To see what they have done, how little they know of contemporary poetry, and what a deplorable mistake they made when they undertook to produce a sufficient and a representative book, we have only to pass from their announcement to their achievement—from the Preface in which they promise and assume so much, to the Selection itself in which they justify themselves so ill and produce so little. Among the absentees are, for instance, the Hon. Roden Noel, Mr. W. B. Scott, Mr. Allingham, Mr. Fitzgerald, Miss Ingelow, and Mr. Frederick Locker. None of these "may really be called, in any high and lasting sense, Poets"; they are placed, that is to say, with the ingenious Mr. Ashby Sterry, and the gifted Mr. Barlow, and the ingenuous Mr. Gerald Bendall, and the fluent and passionate Mr. John Payne, and the

mob of those who write with ease, or the reverse, for the magazines and the minor publishers. So many sins of omission are of themselves quite fatal to those pretensions to a "scrupulous catholicity" of taste, and an "avoidance of anything like narrowness of aim," and all the editorial virtues generally, with an enumeration of which we are harassed in the preface.

The sins of commission are even more enormous. Alike in praising and in blaming, in choosing and in refraining, the "Editors of the Present Selection" have done their best to be injudicious and unfortunate. They have forgotten Mr. George Meredith, but they have remembered Mr. Robert Buchanan. They have sniffed at Mr. Allingham, but they have attached themselves to Mr. Theo. Marzials. They have avoided "The Unrealized Ideal" and "The Pilgrims of Pall Mall," but they have found room for fancy so obvious as "The Rose and the Wind," and verse so cold and rhetorical as "The Monk and the Bird." They have been chary of Miss Ingelow and Mrs. Meyrick, but they have been liberal of Mr. Lewis Morris and Mrs. King. They have passed by the *Rubáiyát*, but they have turned aside to bring in lyrics by Mr. Robert Bridges, and take up with Mr. Alexander's "Vision of Oxford," and acclaim the singings of Mr. R. W. Dixon. They have quoted sonnets by Mr. J. A. Symonds, and sonnets by Mr. E. W. Gosse, but none by Mr. Swinburne, and only one by Mr. Matthew Arnold; and from the Laureate that kind of one alone in which Love meets with Death, and, like a negro minstrel, "all about him rolls his lustrous eyes." Is it in emulation of Mr. Richard Swiveller, and to ensure to posterity the possession of a full, true, and particular type of the drawing-room ballad, that they have quoted Lord Houghton's pretty songlet:—

The beating of my own heart  
Was the only sound I heard?

Is it to mystify and befoul the future that they have put forward as representative of the poet of "Lucile" the Wordsworthianized Byronics of "The Heart and Nature"? When we pass to the consideration of poets better known, curiosity gives place to anger, and even to despair. Thus the Laureate as a song-writer is shown to us as the author, not of "Break, break, break," not of "Blow, bugles, blow," not of "As through the land at eve we went," nor "Home they brought her warrior dead," nor "Tears, idle tears," nor the songs in the *Idylls*, nor the serenade in *Maud*, but merely of "The Sisters," which is but wild and exaggerated, and "Of old sat Freedom on the heights," which is merely affected and elaborate, and "Come down, O maid!" the popular idyl from *The Princess*, and such mannered and uninteresting stuff as "The Sailor Boy." Of "The Lotus-Eaters" there is nothing, nothing of "The Revenge," nothing of "The Voyage"; there is nothing from "Locksley Hall," nothing from "Lucretius," nothing from "Cenone" and *The Idylls*, next to nothing from *In Memoriam* and *Maud*; there is nothing of so much, indeed, that you are lost in amazement as to how and why and wherefore it was that the Editors contrived to blunder upon including "Rizpah," "The Northern Farmer," and "Tithonus." Mr. Browning, again, has fared even worse than the Laureate. If all contemporary poetry save that which is included in the present selection were destroyed, he would go down to future ages, not as the author of *Sordello* and *Pippa Passes* and *Luria*, and *The Ring and the Book*, but as the poet of such cramped and crabbed stuff as "Apparent Failure," such remote and eccentric interests as are expressed in "Two in the Campagna," such hectic and hysterical lyricism as that of the serenade in *The Blot on the Scutcheon*. He is the poet of music; but the Editors have given us neither the luminous and lofty rapture of "Abt Vogler," nor the humorous and significant contemplation of "Master Hughes of Saxe-Gotha." They are as far, on the one hand, from such essays in characterization as "Fra Lippo Lippi," or "Bishop Blougram's Apology," as they are, on the other, from such noble and commanding expressions of thought and emotion as the utterances of the Pope in *The Ring and the Book*. Of Mr. Swinburne we have, of representative work, a chorus from *Atalanta* and the fragment from "The Garden of Proserpine"; all the rest is neither representative nor remarkable. Mr. Matthew Arnold need never have written "Empedocles," nor "Thyrsis," nor "Balder," nor "Tristram and Yseult," nor "Sohrab and Rustum"; he is, so far as the Editors are concerned, the poet of "The Sick King of Bokhara," of "The Scholar Gipsy," of "A Modern Sappho," the "Lines written in Kensington Gardens," and a poem "To Marguerite." Mr. Morris is, of course, "The idle singer of an empty day"; that was inevitable, was in the very nature of things. As the singer of Sigurd he has no existence; he exists to little purpose as the singer of Jason; to almost as little as the poet of *The Earthly Paradise*. Dr. Gordon Hake is represented, not by "Old Souls"—that strangest and most impressive of poems—and "The Cripple" and "Old Morality," but by "The Snake-Charmer" merely; Miss Rossetti by a selection which includes neither "Passing Away" nor "Goblin Market," not "Somewhere or Other," nor "A Dirge," nor "Wife to Husband"; Mr. Austin Dobson, not by "The Paradox of Time," not by the incomparable "Ballad of Imitation," not by "A Dead Letter," nor "To Q. H. J.," nor "The Marquise," nor "Beau Brocade," but by a posy of three (Mr. Gosse, by the way, is illustrious in a posy of four), two of which take rank with his poorest and emptiest work; Miss Mary Robinson by a nosegay of two, neither of which is "A Pastoral"; Mr. Coventry Patmore by a gathering of five, of which one only, "The Toys," will be accepted as in any

way to the purpose. To discuss the contents of the volume in detail would be merely to multiply instances of misapprehension and misquotation. It may safely be said that such poets as are satisfied with the treatment they have received are far more easily pleased than their admirers; and that, if the "Editors of the Present Selection" should ever have occasion to recast and reconstitute their work, they will do well to begin by learning something of what is, and something of what is not, English poetry.

The "quantitative test" gives some curious results. Mr. Trench, for instance, with nine pages, must of necessity be a third more popular than Dr. Hake, who has but six. Mr. E. W. Gosse, with eleven pages, is nearly four times as famous and as strong as Mr. Theo. Marzials with three, nearly six times as strong and as famous as Mr. J. A. Symonds with two, something less than half as famous and strong as Mr. Swinburne with twenty-three, over a hundred per cent. more famous and more strong than Mr. Austin Dobson with five, and some forty per cent. less strong and less famous than Mr. Lewis Morris with fifteen. As eight is to thirty-nine, so is Cardinal Newman to Mr. Tennyson; and as twenty-eight is to forty-two, so is the singer of "Sohrab and Rustum" to the poet of "Rabbi Ben Ezra" and "Waring." It is only fair to the Editors to note that they acknowledge the supremacy, each in his kind and degree, of Mr. Tennyson, Mr. Browning, Mr. Swinburne, Mr. William Morris, and Mr. Matthew Arnold. This is proved, not merely by the quantitative test, but by the motive of Mr. Crane's frontispiece, which may be referred to the same parentage as the text itself, and which is worthy of the kinship. It shows the British Muse in the act of distributing garlands of bay among her chosen lovers, in the shadow of a temple much too small for her, adorned with depressing likenesses of Milton, Shakespeare, Chaucer, and a poet whose name is unknown. She has five wreaths in her hands, one apiece for her five favourites. On her right, in the gloomiest of cloaks, is the Laureate; he is seated, and looks as if he were writing explanations of *The Promise of May*. Immediately behind him is Mr. Matthew Arnold, armed with a shepherd's crook, but arriving in hot haste, as he were fleeing the wrath of Bottles and Bottles's wife's sister. To the left is Mr. Browning, flourishing a copy of *The Ring and the Book*. In front of Mr. Browning, reclining in a Rabelaisian attitude upon the sward, is Mr. Morris; his head is vast and vague, and in one hand he bears a posy of daisies and in the other a copy of *The Earthly Paradise*. Immediately to his left is Mr. Swinburne, disguised as Bunthorne, but recognizable by the volume in his grasp, which is distinctly labelled *Atalanta in Calydon*. In the background, to the left, are numbers of hands outstretched to snatch the Muse's favours—the hands, it may be assumed, of Mr. Robert Buchanan, Mr. Lewis Morris, Mr. Gosse. Such is the ingenious allegory in which the Editors have shadowed forth their predilections. In its union of feebleness and indiscretion it is typical of the work for which it was designed.

#### WANTED, A JESTER.

FOR a long time there has been some uncertainty as to the exact line which Mr. Herbert Gladstone is destined or fitted to take in the great work of politics. When he was originally brought forward with a great flourish of trumpets, to be soundly beaten for Middlesex, it was anticipated, and for a time asserted, that the paternal mantle of eloquence had fallen upon his shoulders. If it was so, all that can be said is that the shoulders must suffer from some unfortunate weakness which makes them unequal to the task of supporting mantles. It was seen before long that the platform was not exactly a place where triumphs waited for Mr. Herbert Gladstone as far as eloquence and argument were concerned. The humbler, but not despicable, task of administrative employment was next thought of. Mysterious assertions were made in published letters to the effect that the country was securing the benefit of Mr. Herbert Gladstone's services at an astonishingly cheap rate. The exact services rendered are uncertain, except on the remarkable occasion when Mr. Herbert Gladstone played the part of a detective (in plain clothes and alias) in the South of Ireland, and as a consequence suffered his second disaster at the hands of a member of the house of Hamilton. This was not a very remarkable achievement, or, rather, it was an achievement more remarkable than admirable; and a horrid suspicion must have begun to creep over the most fervent Gladstonian that, somehow or other, the second Temple would not be like the first, and that the youngest of the "three jolly Gladstones," as the chief of the name put it in one of the most famous of his jocular moments, was—well, was a failure. Something like a sense of this seems even to have crept upon Mr. Herbert Gladstone's own mind, with the result of a conviction that something must be done to prevent the coat of the Gladstones from being tore. Probably a reminiscence of the beautiful poem which has already been quoted in part suggested to him that there was one of the paternal talents (not, indeed, even by his warmest admirers, usually held to be the best) of which he might possibly yet make good his claim to the reversion. Eloquence having refused to be entailed on a younger son, and capacity for the details of official work being perhaps above, perhaps below, Mr. Herbert Gladstone's powers, there remained wit. It is sufficiently notorious that the Ministerial party is very badly off for jesters. Perhaps its leaders are too great, too wise, too good, for such frivolous occupations; at any rate, they succeed

ill in them. There are few more curious things than the singular effect which his involuntary translation from Oxford to Derby has had on Sir William Harcourt, the one Ministerialist who could once make a more than tolerable jest. Now that Sir William's foot is not on his native heath, and that the seat of the Muses and cradle of the Harcourts is exchanged for the dull Midland town on the Derwent, the pleasant motley which used to sit so well on the Home Secretary has been exchanged for the intellectual garb, as it were, of a very Quaker. Perhaps it is impossible to joke on Mr. Gladstone's side, the rising fogs of his own invincible unhumorousness prevailing even over the cheerful day of Sir William's humour. Perhaps the decay is due to natural causes, for humour, like other things, *non semper virescit*. At all events, it is acknowledged and admitted that some willing and industrious jesters are wanted on that side. Mr. Dodson has rushed to the rescue; but that's not much. Mr. Herbert Gladstone follows.

The time and place were propitious; for the place was Peebles, renowned in a famous Scotch jest for its festive joys and wild delights, and the time was in the midst of a season of revelling and good cheer. The meeting, we are told, was the greatest ever held in the town. Rank and brains (which are rarely united in the Ministerial party in Scotland) were represented cumulatively by Lord Rosebery. The coming event of a new Midlothian campaign threw a shadow (grateful in this oppressively hot winter weather) before it, and everything was in favour of Mr. Herbert Gladstone's experiment in "joking." The experiment was interesting and, in a certain sense, it was highly successful. Mr. Herbert Gladstone, according to approved example, began with comparative seriousness. He congratulated his hearers on the harvest being good and the New Rules having passed—two events which, in a mental condition not uncommon with Gladstonians and members of the Gladstone family, Mr. Herbert Gladstone probably considers to be due to one and the same great cause. He was of opinion that the Conservatives would want twelve Salisburys to repair the disaster at Liverpool, and then, in order to show that this disaster was none at all, but a deliberate rebuke inflicted on an injudicious candidate, he proceeded to remark that the Conservatives had shown their lack of independence by boycotting Mr. Forwood because he did not implicitly carry out Lord Salisbury's programme. From this two interesting glimpses of the intellectual condition of Mr. Herbert Gladstone may be obtained. To prove that the Conservatives suffered a terrible disaster at Liverpool, he admits that they could have won the election at their pleasure, and did not; and, to prove that they are lacking in independence, he admits that they deliberately refused to support a candidate who in their judgment was false to the principles of their party, though he usurped its name. But Mr. Herbert Gladstone was in a hurry to get to his jokes, and perhaps this may excuse a little haziness in his arguments. The jokes soon came thick, and deserve to be repeated. The Liverpool Tories refusing to vote for Mr. Forwood reminded him of "the story of a lady who wrote out some prayers for a good and pious old woman. This old woman was very poor, and could not afford a candle, and every night when it was too dark for her to see she used to hold up the paper and say, 'Them's my sentiments. Amen!' He thought that the Tories, like the old woman, were generally in the dark." From this elegant jest two things appear; in the first place, Mr. Herbert Gladstone's enlightened opinions with regard to age and piety, especially when combined with poverty; and, secondly, his delicate appreciation of the bearing of a joke. To persons who have not the infinite honour of belonging to the Gladstone family it might seem that the conduct of the Liverpool Tories, as described by Mr. Herbert Gladstone himself, rather resembled that of the old woman, supposing that (a paper containing unorthodox expressions having been substituted for the right one) she had said "Them's not my sentiments," and declined to say "Amen!" But Peebles, doubtless, is not particular. Lord Carnarvon's recent statement about the proportions of literary and intellectual power in the two political parties, and the still more recent circular about a Conservative magazine, provided Mr. Herbert Gladstone with fresh material for jests. Lord Carnarvon made, no doubt, an exaggerated statement; and the circular in question was, no doubt, unhappily worded. Sir William Harcourt, while the *genius loci* yet inspired him, might have made some good fun out of both. Mr. Herbert Gladstone made his fun as follows:—"When the magazine came out, it would give them a considerable amount of amusement. He supposed that Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett would write on history, and that Lord Randolph Churchill would contribute a gospel of religion. If they remembered, Lord Randolph Churchill was the first to oppose the entrance of Mr. Bradlaugh as an Atheist, and therefore he supposed his Lordship was ready to do the religious part of the magazine. Lord Salisbury would, of course, take the philosophic side, as he never lost his temper. Mr. Lowther, being faultless in his manners, would give solid advice to the 'Conservative party how to behave.'"

It is not often that a young man succeeds in painting himself so cleverly while making remarks about other people as Mr. Herbert Gladstone has succeeded in doing here. That he has pretty decidedly defined his powers as a jocular speaker need hardly be said. But it is curious that a young person of decent parentage and education should not perceive the intolerable vulgarity of such personal allusions as are here made. Mr. Herbert Gladstone is but a small occasion for a sermon in the minor morals, though such a one seems to be wanted. There is no commoner blunder made than confusion as to what is and what is not personality. The

public acts of a public man are public property, and are perfectly legitimate subjects either for direct attack or for any kind of *persiflage*. But Lord Randolph Churchill's religious opinions, Lord Salisbury's command over his temper, and Mr. Lowther's manners, belong to a perfectly different class of subject. We express no opinion about either. It might, indeed, be thought (had not the previously quoted story shown how appropriate a subject for jesting Mr. Herbert Gladstone sees in religious matters) that the party which supports Mr. Bradlaugh had better have left such matters alone. We have had occasion, as we are perfectly ready to admit, to say some hard things both in jest and earnest of Mr. Herbert Gladstone's father. But we have always confined ourselves to matter of legitimate and public notoriety. Let us suppose, for the sake of argument merely, that some backstairs tattle accused Mr. Gladstone of being close-listed, or of eating with his knife, or of giving his guests Saumur and calling it champagne. To drag in matters of this sort would be personality of exactly the same sort as Mr. Herbert Gladstone's reference to Mr. James Lowther's manners, or rather to those manners as Mr. Herbert Gladstone is pleased to imagine them. But to argue thus is to deal somewhat too seriously with the member for Leeds. It is probably a distinction beyond his comprehension that, while his father's known, undoubted, and almost ostentatious religiosity makes his action in reference to Mr. Bradlaugh a legitimate subject for sarcastic comment, to drag Lord Randolph Churchill's religious opinions, about which the public knows nothing at all, into a discussion is an offence and a piece of ill-breeding. You cannot teach some things, at any rate, to persons who have attained their majority unless they see them for themselves. To all men not well affected to the Gladstone dynasty and the Gladstone tyranny, it must be a matter of unfeigned hope that Mr. Herbert Gladstone will go on making jokes. He gave an early instance of the measure of his taste by some remarks about Lord Beaconsfield immediately after Lord Beaconsfield's death; he has now given another. It is quite true that it is possible sometimes to make very good jokes which are in very bad taste. But out of Peebles there will hardly be many people who will consider that the excellence of Mr. Herbert Gladstone's jests atones for their breach of good manners. The office of joker to the Ministry is, we fear, still vacant.

#### GREAT GUNS.

AT the conclusion of an elaborate article on the gunnery experiments at Spezia, which appeared in the *Times* of December 11th, the writer stated that it was generally understood there that the new 100-ton Armstrong breech-loader would, before long, be fired at a 19-inch Schneider steel plate, which was already on the practice-ground. Either, however, he was in error on the subject, or else there has been some cogent reason for delay, as this tremendous experiment, which would litly have concluded the trials of great ordnance at Spezia, has apparently not yet been made. It is supposed that the 100-ton breech-loader can pierce a plate of the kind described; but proof positive has not yet been given that it can do so; and if proof positive is not given some scepticism as to its powers will inevitably arise, as it must needs seem passing strange to all who interest themselves in the means of destroying mankind that the Italian gunners should have paused when everything was ready for their most interesting experiment. If the Schneider plate was set up ready to receive the shot, and the gun was ready for firing, why, it will be asked, was it not fired and its power absolutely ascertained? The obvious answer to such a question would be that those in charge of the gun must have had misgivings with regard to its power of piercing very thick plates. We do not say that this would be the right explanation, and indeed very probably it would be wrong, as all that is known about the gun seems to show that it will surpass any piece of ordnance yet made. Its strength, however, has not yet been absolutely demonstrated; it is certainly singular that, with everything ready, a trial which would have left no room for doubt should not have been made, or, at all events, should have been delayed for more than six weeks. In order to show the vital importance of the experiment which has been so mysteriously suspended, it is necessary to describe what took place at Spezia. Although information on this subject may now seem old, no apology is necessary for giving it, as anything which bears on the powers of the greatest and most perfect breech-loader yet made is of the highest interest at a time when breech-loaders are supplanting muzzle-loaders in the British navy.

The first experiments were with the 100-ton muzzle-loading Armstrong gun, which was the most powerful piece of ordnance in the world before the introduction of the 100-ton breech-loader. These took place in the latter part of November. From several accounts which have been published, it appears that, to test the power of the gun, three 19-inch plates were provided, two being compound, i.e. steel-faced plates, manufactured respectively by Cammell and Brown, and the third a steel plate, from the Schneider foundry at Creusot. According to reports in the *Engineer* and in the *Times*, the English plates were, owing to the want of proper machinery for dealing with such very thick pieces of metal, not rolled down so much as they should have been; and they may be considered, therefore, to have been to a certain extent defective. Moreover, they were not properly bolted to the backing. Despite these drawbacks, however,

they offered a great resistance to the shot of the tremendous muzzle-loader. This was first fired with a charge of 328·5 lbs. of "Fossano" powder, which gave a striking velocity of 1,225 ft. a second, and a blow estimated at about 20,000 foot-tons. The plates were not pierced, nor was serious injury done to the backing. A second round was fired, with a charge of 478·4 lbs. of "Fossano" powder, giving a blow estimated at 33,000 foot-tons. The English plates were broken to pieces; but, nevertheless, the shot did not pierce. The French plate was badly cracked. Against this a steel-headed Whitworth or Terre Noire projectile—it does not seem quite certain which—was next fired, with sufficient powder to give a supposed energy of 34,000 foot-tons. The plate was partly broken up and the backing forced in; but still the shot did not penetrate, and fell back amongst the pieces of the shattered plate. Lastly, an Italian cast-steel shot was fired. It reduced what remained of the target to a wreck, but nevertheless did not pass through it.

These great experiments certainly seem to have shown that armour was tougher, and the 100-ton muzzle-loading gun less potent as against it, than had been generally supposed. When the enormous advantages which the gun has in experiments is remembered, it seems clear that a vessel armoured as to her vital parts and batteries with 19-inch steel plates, or, maybe, with 19-inch compound plates, properly made and bolted, could defy even the 100-ton muzzle-loader. Taking the case of the steel-clad vessel, it seems clear that, in order to destroy one of her plates, it would be necessary to strike it four times in succession at right angles. When this had been done, a fifth shot, very accurately aimed, would be necessary to carry destruction into her. No such practice could be hoped for in a naval engagement, and therefore the steel-clad ship would, so far as the 19-in. armour covered her, be safe against the penultimate great gun, unless, indeed, the gunners chose to load with dangerous charges. Since the terrible accident on board the *Duilio* it has not, according to Sir T. Brassey, been thought advisable to use more than 507 lbs. of powder, and the highest charge consistent with safety was therefore nearly reached when the Whitworth projectile was fired. Very remarkable, then, was the conclusion to be drawn from the Spezia experiments, and it is not surprising that the artillerymen in council assembled were much impressed by them. With resistant plates and repulsed shot before them, they had once more to betake themselves to their not infrequent occupation of changing their minds on an important subject. Before, however, they could draw new conclusions with anything like certainty, it was necessary that further experiments should be made. It had been shown that a great engine of destruction might not be, under some conditions, quite so deadly as had been fondly hoped; but another and yet more terrible engine of destruction was ready which might prove capable of doing all the injury that could be wished for. One of the 100-ton breech-loading guns was at Spezia when the other weapon was tried, and there were reasons for supposing that it would be found to surpass it considerably in power. What of course was desired was to see the degree of superiority proved by actual trial. This desire, however, has not been gratified, for, as has been said, the much-wished-for experiment has not been made. The gun's power was, however, partly demonstrated, as, though not fired against a plate, it was, according to the *Times* report, fired eighteen times, and the velocity of the shot was in all but three cases ascertained. Only when very large charges of powder were used did this greatly exceed the velocity of the shot from the muzzle-loader. The speed of the Whitworth projectile at the moment of striking was 1,538 feet a second; that of the shot from the breech-loader, when 771·6 lbs. of powder were used, was 1,831 and 1,833 feet a second. With 606·3 lbs. of powder, the velocity was 1,593 and 1,609 feet, and with 496 lbs. of powder it was 1,433 feet only. The superiority, then, does not seem at first sight so great as might be expected; but it is to be remembered that the breech-loader can be fired with charges considerably larger even than those which have been used. Theoretically, the chamber will bear a strain of 29·5 tons to the square inch, and though it is not well to rely too much on theoretical strength, it seems probable that the highest pressure hitherto reached may be exceeded without danger. Possibly, then, the victory of the steel plates may be but short-lived; and, though they are seemingly able to resist the shot of any vessel now afloat, it may be shown that they are not able to resist shot from guns which will be mounted on board fighting ships before very long.

At present, however, this has not been shown, the Italian artillerymen having, for some undisclosed reason, not made the final and conclusive experiment with the tremendous weapon which English engineers have constructed for them. Of course the delay may have been due to some comparatively trifling cause, and very possibly the experiment has only been postponed. To-day's telegraphic intelligence may tell of its having been made. If, however, it is not made, if the Italians are content with the trials that have taken place, it will be difficult to believe that the new weapon very greatly exceeds the old one in strength. Theoretic proof of a gun's power is far inferior to actual proof obtained by the simple process of firing the gun against armour; and it is difficult to imagine any reason, save the fear of disappointment, which can have caused artillerymen to stop at the last moment, and, when everything has been prepared for the final experiment, to refrain from making it. If calculations based on the facts recorded in the *Times* show that a shot from the gun will pierce 19 in. of

steel, why is not proof absolute given by driving one of its projectiles through a Schneider plate? It is at present very commonly thought that breech-loaders will be far more powerful than muzzle-loaders, and possibly the last 100-ton gun would destroy the armour which defied its predecessor. If, however, the great piece of ordnance is not put to the proof, if the experiment is not made, an unfavourable conclusion will inevitably be drawn; and, if the largest breech-loader is thought to be not altogether satisfactory, some mistrust will be felt with regard to the power of the smaller breech-loaders which are being manufactured for our navy. It is to be hoped, then, that the experiment will be made, and that it will be successful, as it is most desirable that there should be full confidence in the new armament of the fleet.

#### BIOGRAPHICAL ANECDOTAGE.

THE value of anecdotes in biography has been disputed by the severe, and yet there can be no doubt that biography is chiefly valued for its anecdotes. These stories are the only parts of history that all the world knows, and to be ignorant of them is, practically, to be ignorant of history. Alfred's adventure with the cakes is remembered where the Treaty of Wedmore is forgotten; and Oliver Cromwell is best known for his practical jokes, the ominous drops of blood on his untidy linen collar, and his desire to be painted with his wart and his wrinkles. Anecdotes are to biography what early legends are to national history. Johnson's love of tea is more famous than all his essays, as Horatius Cocles is a better known character than Tiberius Gracchus, and Egeria more noted than Agrippina. We are so made that we like to hear of Montaigne's taste in wine better than of the policy of Louis XI., and care more for Villon's burglaries than for his *ballades*. This is an extremely illiterate, uncritical, and unrefined habit of human nature; but, people being constituted as they are, they read Bishop Wilberforce's *Reminiscences* eagerly. They will turn with more attention to the anecdote about M. Gambetta and Prince Bismarck, which has lately filled the papers, than to discussions about the future of parties in France, or about the probabilities of a European war.

The remarkable Dr. Busch, who once published two volumes on Prince Bismarck's private habits, has lately contributed another essay on the same subject to a Viennese paper. At the same time a correspondent of the *Times* publishes recollections of M. Gambetta. As we compare the two sets of anecdotes, we gather that Prince Bismarck and M. Gambetta, though public enemies, must have been congenial spirits in private. Both were of an open frankness which puzzled the tortuous and astute, both were fond of eating, drinking, and festivity at large, and both were superstitious. In the last quality they resemble most men, great and small; for we all retain so much of the savage as to expect effects to be produced by causes which cannot possibly influence them, but which are in some way connected with them in our minds. Probably great men, retaining much of the eternal child in their characters, are more superstitious than the ordinary *bourgeois*, who have got rid of imagination with all its hopes and fears. Cromwell, Napoleon, Dr. Johnson, Pascal, were all more superstitious than the first City man or barrister you may chance to meet; but the "fears of the brave and follies of the wise" do not spring from weakness of mind, but from uneradicated hereditary tendencies. As an example of Prince Bismarck's superstition, we are told that "he will not have a battle which is as yet undecided spoken of as if it were won." But this is sound sense, not superstition. Many a battle would have had a different conclusion if generals had not regarded it as won before it was really decided. We might as well call the Australian Eleven superstitious because they never thought a match was lost till the last wicket had fallen. There is more genuine superstition, of the sort familiar to Cromwell, in Bismarck's refusal to negotiate the surrender of Metz on the 14th of October, the date of Hochkirch and Jena. The Prince's dislike of Friday—"he will not start on a Friday, nor sign any important document on that day of the week"—is a survival of a very ancient notion, illustrated by the taboo days of South Sea Islanders, and by the Roman, Mexican, Chaldean, and Egyptian calendars. The reason why, in Christian times, Friday is thought a *dies nefastus* is, of course, obvious enough. If we could combine all the taboo days of different superstitions, all of which are equally reasonable, we probably should not find a single lucky day in the year. Bismarck hesitated, it is said, about accepting the title of Count, because there had been a great mortality among counts in Pomerania. Perhaps he fancies that the curse of Sidonia the Sorceress is still upon the noble houses of the land. He is said to have predicted the day, month, and year of his own death, as many persons are fabled to have done successfully, especially a lady mentioned by Henry More; but then she had "got the straight tip" from the ghost of her sainted mother. We are not told whether the Prince's prophecy referred to a date still in the future, or whether it has already been falsified, like Dr. Cumming's theories of the end of the world. He seems to have predicted, not on the information of a ghost or a dream, but on calculations about a "mystical figure." But students of the Number of the Beast, of roulette, and of the mystical figure in the *Republic* of Plato, all know that estimates in this unholy and necromantic arithmetic cannot always be relied on with certainty. There is a dash of the astrologer in the Prince, and he commends those who get

their hair cut when the moon is waxing. Thus this great mind has beliefs in common with Hesiod, and with the pseudo-Hermes Trismegistus, who gravely indicates the conjunction of the planets under which a man should order new clothes.

We have much less information about the superstitions of M. Gambetta. "Whether he was religious or not in secret, none but himself could have said." The pious Paris Correspondent of the *Times* was dreadfully pained by the absence of Catholic symbols from the room in which the great man died. But M. Gambetta, like the young freethinker in the old *Spectator*, "upon whom it was proved that he said his prayers every night," may not have been a professing Catholic, but yet may have retained some of the religion of his youth. We happen to have seen a copy of "*La Journée du Chrétien, sanctifiée par la prière et la méditation*. Nouvelle édition, corrigée avec soin et considérablement augmentée. Coutances: chez P. L. Tanguerey, imp<sup>r</sup> Lib<sup>r</sup> de Mgr. l'Evêque et du Clergé, 1831." This volume, a 16mo., in purple calf, bears on the fly-leaf, in a lady's hand, this inscription:—

LÉON GAMBETTA  
Rue St-Honoré  
Janvier 1  
1843.

As this book was picked up on a stall where there were other volumes bearing the names of members of the Gambetta family, it seems to be a genuine *étrenne* of the days when Léon Gambetta was a boy of ten, and was intended for the priesthood. Some memories of that time may have moved him to send tapers to his parish church on the anniversary of the death of Mme. Gambetta. "On the last anniversary but one," says the writer in the *Times*, "he was in very low spirits; and, passing the church of Notre Dame des Victoires, arm in arm with a Republican senator, he suddenly stopped, and said, 'I always burn a taper on this day. I had forgotten all about it.' Saying this, he moved towards the porch; but his friend remonstrated, with a smile, 'What would the Clericals say if they heard it?' 'Bah!' answered Gambetta, after a moment's hesitation, 'On dira que j'aimais ma mère,' and he walked into the church, leaving his friend outside." If the belief in M. Gambetta's superstition rests on no stronger and wider evidence than this, we may doubt whether he is to be classed, in this respect, with Cromwell and Napoleon. The fact is that men who deal with enormous, incalculable forces as statesmen and generals do, have the same temptations as gamblers to indulge in superstition. Beyond what we can see and know remains the province in which we can guess, and our unacknowledged guesses are often as irrational as those of the savage who fancies that the paddle-wheel of a steamer is licked round by the tongue of a great serpent.

M. Gambetta "was so natural that he remained a puzzle to the last, to men who think that the plainest sign in a politician's character should be studied like hieroglyphics." This is another point which M. Gambetta shared with Prince Bismarck, whose frankness has been as puzzling as the open hiding-place devised by Poe's hero in *The Stolen Letter*. Both heroes loved good eating and drinking. The excellence of M. Gambetta's cook was a constant reproach to him among his irreconcilable constituents. The *Times* has a story, which we need not quote, about a kind of orgie of champagne, music, and cigars given by M. Gambetta to puzzled and coughing ambassadors. Like Mr. Carlyle, but for another reason, because of his increasing bulk, M. Gambetta once tried to give up smoking. But tobacco agrees better, as M. Gambetta confessed, with the iron constitution of Prince Bismarck. "He once travelled from Cologne to Berlin, twelve hours' journey, without allowing his cigar to go out." But since the war the Prince has given up cigars, and has taken to a long pipe, as a more truly Teutonic and patriotic article. Turkey began to fall when pashas substituted cigarettes for long *narghiles*; but, if pipes can save a nation, Germany is still secure. The Prince is said to "prefer simple fare to the more complicated productions of modern cookery." Nothing could be more complicated (though few things could be less modern) than the grotesquely mixed meats which Prince Bismarck is said, in Dr. Busch's earlier work, to enjoy. "He is a great eater, but then he only eats once a day, at 6 P.M." This does not seem a healthy plan; it is too like the simple arrangements of the Zoological Gardens. Being angry makes the Prince ill for weeks, and yet *Bismarck en colère* is not a very unfamiliar spectacle. It is said that the Prince in his youth possessed "a lively sense of humour," in support of which assertion the following anecdote is related:—"When he was 'Auscultator' to a judge, a client once tried his patience so severely that he jumped up and cried out, 'Mind what you are about, sir, or else I will kick you out.' The judge turned towards him and said seriously, 'Mr. Auscultator, kicking out a client is my business.' The examination continued. Bismarck again lost his patience, but this time he cried, 'Mind what you are about, sir, or else I will have you kicked out by the judge.' The sprightliness and delicate fun of this story are quite on a level with the *mots* of Scotch judges and barristers, as quoted in the biography of Henry Erskine. We are happy to observe that only "in his younger years Prince Bismarck showed a lively sense of humour." Life has long been "full of seriousness to him, because he cannot get enough of *fechtung*," as the Scotch keeper said of the terrier. The Prince's favourite flower is heather, his favourite poet is Shakespeare; he never gambled much, and he has quite forgotten all the Greek he ever knew. Hunting is his sport, and "so good a sportsman was he," that he shot off the heads of tame

ducks on a pond with a pistol. This is indeed sportsmanlike. M. Gambetta's exercise was fencing, and "he went in for a sturdy course of dumb bells." It is recorded as a proof of his eloquence that no one laughed when a gesture of his knocked "a bowl of broth off the ledge of the tribune on to the head of a servant." The French are a serious people. The House did laugh when Mr. Gladstone put on another man's hat which was too small for him. Indeed, this was reckoned quite one of the best of the good things that amuse the easily amused House of Commons.

#### IS THERE A FAMINE IN ICELAND?

A GLANCE at even a small-scale map will show that Iceland extends over some ten degrees of latitude, and lies about five hundred miles north of Scotland, and six hundred west of Norway. By referring to equally obvious sources of information it is possible to discover that it is seven thousand square miles larger than Ireland, and that its population was estimated at 73,000 in 1880. It is notorious that cod-fish and wool are yearly exported from thence, and that steamers go there habitually. The British tourist in search of discomfort and a primitive kind of life goes there, and comes back enthusiastic. Captain Burton, who goes everywhere and writes about everything, has been to Iceland, and has written about it. Finally, there is a British Consul at Reykjavik whose duty, and probably sole occupation, is to prepare reports for the instruction of the Foreign Office and the Board of Trade. All these things being thus, it is a little remarkable that there should still be wide differences of opinion as to whether or not there is a famine in the island. Yet that is the case, and the dispute has lasted for months. It began before Parliament had met again to decide the question of *Clôture*. Egypt has been swallowed, if not digested, and all Europe has been thrown into convulsions by Prince Bismarck to gain his private ends while it has been going on, and yet it is not settled. Considering that a despatch from H.B.M. Consul might have disposed of the whole question long ago, or that the truth might have been found out by a gunboat in a fortnight, it is certainly curious that such a pressing matter as the alleged existence of a famine in a country which M. Victor Hugo believes to be visible from the coast of Scotland has not been put beyond dispute long ago.

For the famine, if real, concerns us too. It will be our duty to send help if it is needed, and experience shows that it would be a pleasure. When a British man-of-war upsets because she is built with an impossible centre of gravity, and drowns five hundred men, the widows and orphans are left to the charity of the profession. When the burning of a theatre throws about that number of workmen and their families on the street, the stage is allowed the whole merit of keeping them from starvation. But when a disaster is on a big enough scale at home, or on any scale at all abroad, money can always be found to help the sufferers. Subscriptions have been raised to help Spaniards who have been drowned out by floods which were the direct result of their own folly and want of foresight. The Icelanders, who are respected for many and good reasons, will not find that England is backward to help them in their need, if it can be satisfactorily proved that help is needed. But, strange to say, that is just the question. The alarm was given months ago from Copenhagen. It seems a little curious that it should not have been from Iceland itself, seeing that the island has tolerably frequent and direct communication with Scotland at least. To be sure, that might be explained by the fact that the Danes would naturally be first interested in their countrymen; and in any case the need was vouched for by a witness who is entitled to every credit, Mr. Magnusson. Barely, however, had the appeal been made, when an Iclander who has every right to a respectful hearing hastened to protest against the assertion that there was famine in the island. As far back as last October, Mr. Vigfusson wrote to the *Times* to show that there was, and could be, no famine in Iceland. There was poverty, as there always had been, but no more. When authorities differed in this way, it is not to be wondered at that the public in England should hold its hand till it could get a decisive verdict. The motives on either side were most respectable. Mr. Magnusson and his friends in Copenhagen or Reykjavik were most honourably anxious to aid their countrymen, whom they believed to be in pressing need of help. The motives of the distinguished scholar who has thought it right to do his best to prove that there was no famine are not less respectable. Mr. Vigfusson, with a spirit which we recommend to the imitation of various patriots in the sister isle, has revolted against what he considers is the kind of help which will pauperize his countrymen. He has no doubt allowed himself to be hurried into unnecessary vehemence of personality. By ascribing ignoble motives to the Committee at Copenhagen which has undertaken to find help for the Icelanders he has so far damaged his own case. It was certainly unjust to say that the merchant class in Denmark have invented the famine for purposes of their own. These little clevernesses have no existence out of the imagination of satirists in political newspapers, and should be let alone by writers who have no professional need to throw mud at the other side. It is quite enough to suppose that the believers in the famine have been misled by insufficient knowledge or by sentiment. As against these diseases of charity Mr. Vigfusson's protest is both honourable and necessary. It is impossible to read either of the long letters he has contributed to the *Times* on this subject without

wishing that the same tone, apart from the personalities, was adopted a little more frequently when subscriptions are called for. Mr. Vigfusson draws a picture of Iceland as he knew it and wishes it to remain—independent, in spite of its poverty. He is as anxious as any other Icelanders to get help for his countrymen when they need it; but he has no love for the kind of help which is got by sending round the hat. In Mr. Vigfusson's opinion—and there is strong internal evidence that he is right—what Iceland needs is not alms, but more means of doing honest and profitable work, or more knowledge to use the means which it has. The country is at the mercy of a bad truck system—a kind of thing we have some experience of in England—which leaves it in the hands of a “ring” in Copenhagen. There is obviously a most lamentable want of enterprise and knowledge in the island. The coast is visited by shoals of herring which might be a source of wealth; but, till a Scotch firm began to utilize them, they were left alone. The true way to help the Icelanders is to promote fisheries; not to let them go on in the ignorant old style, with a thin population steadily growing thicker in a poor country. By judicious development of industry they may be made quite independent of help from without. If, however, they once begin the fatal practice of begging, their character will be for ever ruined. It is terribly easy to pauperize a people, and that is what the lazy charity which is so popular in our time generally contrives to do.

Meanwhile, as we have said, the original question is still unsettled, and it remains at least doubtful whether the Icelanders are threatened with famine at all. That they are poor and that times are hard is tolerably obvious, but whether they are so hard as to threaten starvation cannot be decided. The same things are considered as proving direct contraries by the disputants. The Icelanders have been exporting large numbers of sheep, which, according to the believers in the famine, is a proof that they cannot feed them, and are selling them lest they should die on their hands. From Mr. Vigfusson's point of view it is a proof that things are not nearly so bad as they are represented. The authorities at Reykjavik have thought it necessary to contradict Mr. Vigfusson's statements in October last and to re-affirm the existence of very great distress. He for his part points out that Mr. Paterson, the British Consul, is not among those who sign this paper, and asserts that the Danish or native authorities are not uninterested in promoting a flow of money and provisions into the island. It is obvious that this is a state of things which borders on the absurd. Considering the length of time which the discussion has lasted, it is remarkable that no definite report from our Consul has been published. The matter is one which might well engage the attention of Her Majesty's Government, which is, we believe, the correct phrase. If a whole people are threatened with starvation, help should be given them, and there should be some means of finding out what their need really is and how it arose. If, on the other hand, the story of the famine is only a false alarm, the sooner it is exploded the better. It may be that Mr. Magnusson has mistaken a mere period of depression and hard times for a famine. It is equally possible, considering the uncritical nature of the philanthropist, that the public of Copenhagen have suddenly become aware of the habitual poverty of Iceland and have exaggerated it and supposed it to be exceptional. If that is the case, it would be a great pity that any considerable amount of charitable help should be given from England. In these days of continual subscriptions there is some danger that givers may be tired out by constant appeals. Nothing could bring about a reaction of this kind more effectually than the discovery that some supposed case of distress was wholly or even partly imaginary. The next genuine case would certainly suffer. Moreover, it is greatly to be wished that, if the people of Iceland must be assisted, the help will not take the form of lavish gifts of food and money. What is needed to prevent immediate suffering must be given; but, for the rest, advances at moderate interest, to be paid in instalments, to buy fishing-nets and supply a sufficient number of boats, would be for the receivers a far more healthy and, in the long run, more profitable way of obtaining aid than a direct present of money. We cannot conceive of the brave and high-minded race described by Mr. Vigfusson as feeling anything but degraded by being helped like beggars.

#### THE UPHEAVAL OF ATKINS.

GEOLOGISTS sometimes tell us of vast tracts of country which by means of some subterranean and mysterious process that we do not understand, and that would not add much to our peace of mind if we did, are slowly but surely being upheaved from valleys and depressions in which they have long lain, and are being gradually raised to the level of the surrounding country. Some such elevating process is now in full force with Private Thomas Atkins, and the spectacle, whether regarded in its military or its social-geological aspect, cannot fail to afford the keenest satisfaction to the intelligent and appreciative student of such phenomena. To enable our readers to realize and to grasp this interesting question in all its bearings, we must go back thirty or forty years and examine the social condition, treatment, and leading characteristics of the subject of this article at that period. To say that he was treated like a child would convey a very faint idea of the real state of the case. A child, though not credited with sense or understanding, is occasionally brought forward, no-

ticed, and petted; the soldier never. He was regarded as an outcast and a pariah, and avoided as a leper or a mad dog. Novel-writers depicted the family scapegrace bringing disgrace and degradation on his friends by enlisting. Magistrates on the bench publicly upbraided young men who had so far forgotten what was due to propriety and decency as to become soldiers. The apparition of a red coat at one door of a railway carriage would be speedily followed by the exit of the passengers at the other, leaving the wearer in undisturbed possession. True, he was never refused admission to restaurants and respectable places of public resort, as has happened not so very long ago, for the simple reason that he never presumed to seek it. A patient from the small-pox hospital would have stood a better chance than the soldier. His life in barracks was certainly not adapted to develop his intellect or to make him a desirable member of society. It was monotonous, irksome, and, judged by the standard of to-day, miserable to a degree that makes one wonder how it was endured. He had nothing to learn but drill and guard-mounting, nor was there anything in either occupation to call for the exercise of the smallest intelligence. Accordingly he was never credited with possessing any. His professional training might be summed up in “Quick march” varied by “As you were.” His food was bad and the cooking worse, and as in those days the cost of his rations was deducted from his pay, he could, after allowing for other stoppages, only reckon on receiving about a penny or twopenny per diem in actual cash. Even this munificent stipend was doled out to him daily by special order, for fear lest a lump sum of three or four days' pay would result in drunkenness. The barrack was destitute of library, reading-room, or a single attraction other than the canteen, the profits of which went to enrich the civilian proprietor. The soldier closed his dreary day by being bugled or drummed off to bed at the infantile hour of 9 P.M., and if he was ten minutes late the guard-room was his portion for the night and punishment on the morrow. Can it be wondered at if the soldier's conduct, language, and general bearing were such as to prejudice the popular mind against him? Of recreation, in the accepted sense of the term, he had none. His two principal objects were, first, to save sufficient money to enable him to get very drunk, and, secondly, to go and do it. Having achieved this praiseworthy feat, he had exhausted the then known methods of legitimate enjoyment. To ask for more would have savoured of presumption and been regarded as heresy. With the general public he never mingled, either at the theatre, the promenade, or even the racecourse. Of him it might have been said in the words of the poet—

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife  
His sober wishes never learned to stray.

That is, at least, when he and his wishes were sober, which was not often. At other times he had frequently an objectionable way of obtruding himself on the public notice.

Such was his position in the country at the time we speak of. A social ban was upon him; he was despised and shunned; his ways were not as other people's ways; he saw but little of them, they saw little of him, and would willingly have seen still less. Somebody must undertake the defence, the fighting, and the dirty work of the country in general; and Thomas Atkins, having volunteered his services, received his pay, such as it was, and there the bargain ended. And a very hard bargain it was—for the soldier. Never in the world's history has any State or community had better servants, and never has a more ungrateful return been made for the services they rendered. In other countries we have seen the army by turns propping up and overthrowing the existing Government, tyrannizing over the people and inspiring domestic anxiety and uneasiness, while we have enjoyed perfect confidence and repose. We have had such things as naval mutinies, as witness Spithead and the Nore; but never an attempt at a military mutiny. Our soldiers were exiled for long years in tropical and unhealthy climates, where they were denied the commonest comforts and sanitary appliances, and where they perished miserably in hundreds without a murmur. But their services in peace fade into nothing beside their achievements in war. The proud veterans of Napoleon, the fierce and warlike tribes of the Sutlej and the Punjab, not to mention countless other enemies, were all in turn encountered and overthrown; yet not the smallest recognition of the private soldier was vouchsafed. The most splendid victories, the conquest and addition to the Empire of great and fertile tracts of territory or islands, the gallant defence and preservation of important and flourishing colonies, were all accepted as a matter of course, and made considerably less impression on the public of those days than the slaughter of a dozen head of cattle or the burning of a farm in Ireland would create now. Such was the social position of the soldier forty years ago. We are far from saying that there was not some justification for this steady and persistent neglect on the part of the public; on the contrary, the soldier of those days too often gave occasion to the enemy to blaspheme by his conduct and behaviour. This was, however, merely an illustration of the law of action and reaction, for when a particular class of society is perpetually ignored, slighted, and given the cold shoulder, such treatment is hardly likely to induce self-respect or an elevated tone in that class. But at length the tide turned. The Crimean War first brought the private soldier to the notice of his countrymen through the medium of the press, and the general public began to take an interest in him and to discover that he was neglected and ill-treated. The authorities of the day were severely censured for failing to provide for him, when in reality they were only responsible for a small portion of the blame,

They had certainly not done less, and had probably done more, for the soldier in the field than any of their predecessors. Their real fault was that their sins were found out and laid bare, while those of their predecessors had passed unnoticed. Closely following the Crimean War came the Indian Mutiny, the suppression of which, involving as it did the virtual reconquest of Bengal, was eagerly watched and gratefully acknowledged. Since then the public interest in the soldier has been steadily kept on the increase by endless little wars waged in every quarter of the globe, not always, however, with the success that was so characteristic of his ancestors; until, from being an utterly unknown and obscure person, Private Thomas Atkins has been elevated to the proud position of a first-class Parliamentary bore, second only perhaps in steady persistence and staying power to the Irish or Eastern questions.

With the soldier of to-day his pay, treatment, clothing, barracks, and everything pertaining to the outward man, have been reformed to a pitch which would have been deemed sinful luxury by the soldier of the past. No longer slighted and ignored, he is eagerly followed by crowds of rival and eager Correspondents, who hang around him in the field, and telegraph home to an expectant public his doings, his sayings, and everything connected with him. Should he happen to have done nothing, it makes no difference, for something is easily invented which serves the purpose just as well and perhaps better. A sanguinary and disgraceful defeat can always be arranged, or, failing that, an imaginary soldier can have an imaginary arm amputated without chloroform. But by far the most remarkable development of public interest in the soldier is that which has taken place with reference to his return from a campaign. It matters not whether the struggle was really a hard one; provided only that it combines the qualifications of rapidity, a certain amount of sensationalism, and ultimate success, it is all that could be desired, and no one can now say that the soldier's services are ignored. From the thanks of both Houses of Parliament, down to champagne at twenty-four shillings a dozen, there is nothing in the way of honour that is not freely accorded him. Perhaps the change has been too sudden, the reaction too violent, to be altogether healthy. Its effects are already discernible in the changed air, bearing, and recreations of the soldier, who is rapidly assuming an importance and a self-consciousness which may ultimately develop into something worse. As yet, however, there is no immediate danger. He has hardly had time to realize the true state of the case, and is, as it were, merely in the dawning of his new life. In his first contact with the public he sees much that he does not yet understand, and which will take some time for him to learn and appreciate. He has not yet shaken himself free from the trammels of his old life, and professional habits and reminiscences still cluster thickly around him and obscure his mental vision. He walks on the esplanade or some place of popular resort, where a few years ago he would not have ventured to show his face, and notices with surprise that the people not only walk in no sort of military formation, but do not even keep step. He visits a museum, and regrets the rusty and unpolished state of the ancient weapons submitted to his gaze. He enters a public library, and the first thing that strikes his eye is that the books on each separate shelf are not correctly "sized" from flanks to centre. But still the first advance has been made, the new life has begun. Private Thomas Atkins has placed his foot on the ladder of society, and if he only continues to mount it at his present rate we shall hear more of him before long.

#### THE THÉÂTRE FRANÇAIS ON ITS DEFENCE.

THERE has been of late a good deal of talk about the Théâtre Français and its condition; and, as the Theatre has for a long time and through many vicissitudes held the reputation of being the first stage in Europe, it is just as well that its condition should from time to time be discussed. Apparently some of the things which have been said in Paris concerning its present state have been ill founded. M. Jehan Valter, in a recent number of the *Figaro*, dwells upon this point at the beginning of an article headed "La Comédie Française." "Lately," he observes, "a good deal that is inaccurate has been said and written concerning the internal affairs of the Français, concerning the discharge of its duties by the working Committee, and concerning the recent elections of *sociétaires* and redistribution of shares among the *sociétaires*." There has been discontent among actors who have thought themselves injured, and the expression of this discontent has created an agitation "which would be a subject for regret if it could not be ended by proving that the malcontents are in the wrong." On this text M. Valter takes up his pen, and he begins by saying that "the trouble began" over the recent elections to the *sociétariat* and the recent alterations in the shares. In the first place, M. Valter contends that the impression that a nomination as a *sociétaire* ought to be the reward for length, more or less irrespective of quality, of service is a seriously mistaken impression. If a nomination ought to be a reward for long service, it ought to be yet more—and here surely M. Valter has reason on his side—an encouragement to rising talent. Given a young actor full of promise and an old actor of indifferent performance, surely it is within the Committee's right to choose the young actor as an honoured and presumably permanent member of the company "in the interest

of the grandeur and prosperity of the Comédie Française." Having said this much in general as to the situation, M. Valter finds himself—and this is not surprising—unable to give full approval to the recent elections. Indeed, if the writer had not been defending the rights of the Committee justly enough on general grounds, he might conceivably have spoken with more severity of the election of MM. Prudhon and Sylvain, and Mmes. Tholer, Dudley, and Pauline Granger. As to the first four named he says that, if there was nobody better, then perhaps their election was justifiable. We find it, we confess, difficult to believe that no better actor than M. Prudhon could have been selected for this honour. It has constantly happened to M. Prudhon to be cast for parts demanding distinction, and it has been constantly a matter of wonder why he has been cast for them. Possibly he has some mysterious latent talent which the fact of becoming a *sociétaire* may help to bring out. On these points M. Valter gives us no help, but passes the matter over lightly enough. As to Mlle. Pauline Granger, that is a business which he finds it less easy to explain. She has been twenty-two years attached to the company, and has scarcely ever been seen on the boards. He tells us of rumours as to the reasons for the step taken; but anyhow its result is that, "if Mlle. Pauline Granger chose to leave the Theatre to-morrow, her twenty-two years of service, which go to her credit the moment she is made a *sociétaire*, would, although she has hardly ever played, give her a right to a pension of 5,400 francs. One may be permitted to think that this is a good deal."

Then comes the question of the division of shares, and as to this it may be convenient to take first the explanation which M. Valter puts after his statement of the actual present division. Each whole share is divided into twelve twelfths, and the total number of shares fixed by the Decree of Moscow amounts to twenty-four; but, the Committee being obliged to reserve from two to three shares for possible losses, and a fourth being kept for expenses of scenery and mounting, there are really only twenty full shares to be disposed of. A whole share means twelve thousand francs a year, and to this is added a share at the end of the year in the year's profits. According to M. Valter's calculations, a whole share for the year just past meant forty thousand francs. But there are important deductions to be made from what, according to this, is the sum due to each *sociétaire*, since half of it goes to the reserve fund, upon the constant keeping up of which depend the retiring pensions; so that, to come at once to the result of M. Valter's calculations, a whole share for the past year represented:—

Comme appointements . . . . Fr. 12,000  
Comme  $\frac{1}{2}$  part de bénéfices. . . Fr. 20,000

Ensemble Fr. 32,000

The difference between the yearly salary and the share in the year's profit will at once strike the reader. To this 32,000 francs have to be added the "feux," or extras for each appearance on the stage; and in some cases, like that of M. Bressant, an exceptional supplementary grant from the State authorities. As to the pension, it begins after ten years of service at five thousand francs, and increases each following year by two hundred francs. To sum up, M. Valter says, what with his yearly pay, his share in the profits, and his retiring pension, a *sociétaire* makes, one may admit, a tolerably good thing of it. But the journalists who say that he makes too much, and who also give the actors of the Français the highest place among living actors, seem to forget that actors of an admittedly inferior rank make a very great deal more. This certainly was a point worth making, and people in England who fancy that actors are overpaid might do well to inquire what kind of sums are made by music-hall singers, although the last thing we should wish to do would be to compare the clever actors and actresses whose names M. Valter gives with the "lion comiques."

Misapprehensions, it seems, have existed also as to M. Perrin's position; and, without troubling the reader with any more figures, we may say that M. Valter clears them up thoroughly. The people who have made a fuss about this have exactly doubled M. Perrin's one share, and this one share was voted to him some years ago by the *sociétaires* themselves. One excuse for the mistake M. Valter finds in the fact that up to 1856, when M. Empis became manager, the manager did have two shares. The profits were then much less than they are now, and one result of the arrangement was that the value of the post constantly varied. M. Empis asked for and obtained a fixed salary. This went on till the days of M. Perrin, when the *sociétaires*, seeing that their incomes increased while the manager's remained where it was, voted him, as has been said, a share in addition to his salary.

It is certainly interesting to have so clear a statement as M. Valter's of the way in which an institution so remarkable in every way as the Théâtre Français is carried on, and from one point of view it is very satisfactory to find that it seems to be steadily bettering its financial condition. But there are other important considerations which M. Valter barely touches upon in his opening remarks upon the things which have brought about a fuss and have led to his giving us his very interesting article. Before the recent elections of *sociétaires* were talked about there were two complaints which were pretty often heard—one, that the system of a constantly varying *répertoire*, divided between the old and the new drama, was beginning to be somewhat mythical; another, that either there were no new actors to take the place of the old stagers, or that these new actors never got a chance of showing what they could do. On both of these matters a thing which happened when nearly

the whole of the Français company came over to the Gaiety has some bearing. Mlle. Sarah Bernhardt was one day unable to appear in the part for which she was advertised in a modern drama. An actress who was present had understudied the part, and had played it in the off-season in Paris, but knew it so little on this occasion that she did not venture to go on for it. The modern drama could not be performed, but a performance of a play of Molière's was instantly organized, and given without a hitch. The failure to give the modern drama seemed to point to the fact that the management had, as had long been suggested, fallen more and more into the system of "runs." If a play made a hit, it was run three times a week on end until people got sick of its very name; and not only this, it was a system of "stars" besides a system of "runs." It was recognized that Mlle. Sarah Bernhardt, not the piece itself and the rest of the acting, was the real attraction, and it was thought, this being so, needless to have any one ready at a moment's notice to take Mlle. Sarah Bernhardt's place. That what is supposed to be the most artistic theatre of the most artistic nation in the world had fallen upon this system, with its results, was not very encouraging. In a well-managed English theatre, no doubt, an "understudy" would have been ready; but in a well-managed English theatre, also no doubt, it would have been impossible to put a play of Shakespeare's or Sheridan's on at literally a moment's notice. What saved a catastrophe was the keeping up of the old traditions with regard to the old pieces; and it would seem that one danger against which the Comédie Française may have to contend in the future is the gradual neglect of these ancient traditions. Had the ideal organization been in thorough working order on the occasion referred to, it ought to have been easy to represent the modern drama in spite of the absence of a principal performer. But the principal performer was a "star," and there was an end of it. The particular star has left the Comédie, and, to judge from M. Valter's paper, the Comédie is not the worse for it financially; while, as regards the arrangement of shares, everything is for the best in the best of possible theatres. Whether the system which still prevails of aiming at making a hit with a particular production and then running it to death is one which the best of possible theatres ought to encourage is another question. Indeed, there is so much of the money side of the affair in the article by M. Valter, who appears more or less as counsel for the defence, that the question of art, of which we hear so much in connexion with the Français, seems almost forgotten. Money must be made, no doubt; and, if one were to say that the object of the existence of such an institution as the Français is not primarily to make the most money that can be made within certain limits, M. Valter might first point to the much larger sums made by actors not connected with the Français, and if convinced that that position was not logical, might ask, Who is to decide the limits? Who is to say that, in the production or prolonged running of this or that piece, the constant putting forward of this or that player, art has been unduly sacrificed to money? This is precisely the question, as it seems to us, which the existence of such an institution ought to render impossible or unnecessary; and when such questions begin to be asked, it may be perhaps well for the administration to reconsider its position with some seriousness. Either the Français should take ground from which it can afford to put aside the question of whether, as between two pieces of merit, yet more money can be made by producing A than by producing B, or it becomes a theatre with no greater claim on public attention and public respect than is possessed by any theatre the manager of which can engage clever actors and produce effective plays.

As to the question of young actors of talent not existing or not getting a chance, M. Valter's remarks upon the recent elections are not without significance. Nor have we yet heard of any rising genius, or of any one likely to fill with any degree of success the place which M. Delaunay threatens soon to leave vacant.

#### THE REVENUE.

A GREAT change appears to be taking place in the social habits of the masses of the population. It is more than three years now since the improvement in trade began. The improvement has been slow, it is true; profits have not been large, and wages have not risen materially; yet the reality of the improvement cannot be doubted. Trade improvement means that the volume of business done has increased year after year for over three years, consequently that profits have been larger than they were before, and therefore that there has been an opportunity for greater savings; at the same time more workpeople have been employed. And as in the interval the population has been increasing at the rate of about one per cent. per annum, there have been more people to spend the increased wealth. It would seem to follow that the consumption of the country must be greater than it was, and that the revenue must benefit from the increased consumption. But, as a matter of fact, the revenue has not benefited in the measure that was to have been expected according to all previous experience. How is this fact to be accounted for? When introducing his Budget last April Mr. Gladstone examined the question, and he indicated an opinion that it was due to greater temperance and greater thrift on the part of the working classes. He admitted that the Inland Revenue officers did not

support him in this interpretation of the facts, as they objected that in the previous season the cider harvest had been abundant, and moreover, wages had not risen materially. But in support of his own view he pointed out that the productiveness of the liquor duties had very seriously diminished of late years. The Beer-tax which has been substituted for the Malt-duty yields about 2s. a quarter more than the Malt-duty; yet the Beer-tax last year was less productive than the Malt-duty had been on an average of the six years ended with 1879. And as the six years ended with 1879 were years of increasing depression, the fact is the more remarkable. Further, Mr. Gladstone showed that the produce of the whole of the liquor duties in 1874-5 somewhat exceeded 31 millions sterling, and last year had fallen more than 2½ millions, although in the interval there was an increase of population of 4 millions. Thus we see that, whether we regard beer alone or extend our view to all classes of liquor, the consumption decreased between 1874 and 1882 in spite of a very large increase in the population. A little scepticism is always advisable when we are asked to believe in sudden changes in the habits of a people, and habits too which have characterized them uniformly throughout their history; yet the evidence cited by Mr. Gladstone is unquestionably suggestive, and its cogency is increased by the fact that the productiveness of the duties in question appears to be still declining. It is to be borne in mind that the public-house as a kind of club is no longer so necessary to the workman as it once was; for of late numerous coffee and cocoa "palaces" have been opened all over the country. And it is also to be recollected that the clergy of all denominations have of late been more active than ever before in inculcating temperate habits. The influence of the Trade-Union leaders likewise is exerted for the same purpose. And education naturally inspires a taste for other than mere sensual pleasures; while the prosperity that the working classes have now enjoyed for a whole generation naturally tends to increase their self-respect and to discourage debasing and disgraceful habits. If, then, it should become as disgraceful for a working-man to be seen drunk in the streets as it now is for a gentleman, the result to the country would be enormous, political as well as economical. Much of the poverty and sickness that prevail amongst us are directly attributable to excessive drinking, and we cannot doubt that more temperate habits would result, in the first place, in a healthier people and in a diminution of pauperism; while increased temperance would also make the workman more efficient. The change, then, if it proceeds and proves permanent, cannot fail to increase immensely the material well-being of the country, and to enable it to meet the competition of foreigners with greater success. At first, no doubt, the Exchequer would suffer; but in a country so rich as England there is never any serious difficulty in finding money enough to meet the demands of the Government, and the inconvenience that would result from a further diminution in the productiveness of the liquor duties would be cheaply purchased by the enormous social, economical, and political advantages that would accrue.

From the Revenue Returns issued last Saturday night it appears that the total receipts for the three months then ended amounted to 20,998,148*l.*, being an increase of barely 78,588*l.* over the corresponding period of the year before; and it is to be recollected that in the quarter just ended the Income-tax was three-halves in the pound higher than in the corresponding quarter of the year before. In reality, therefore, there is no increase, but rather a decrease, in the productiveness of the revenue. For the nine months ended on Saturday night there was an increase of 522,576*l.*, showing that the increase in the revenue during the first half of the financial year was larger than in the past three months, and consequently that the productiveness of the taxes is falling off, notwithstanding an addition to the Income-tax. The greater yield of the taxes at the beginning of the year, however, was mainly due to a great increase in the Miscellaneous Revenue which has not been maintained, and indeed which was probably only a windfall. This revenue is so heterogeneous in its nature, and fluctuates so widely from time to time, that in any case it does not allow us to draw any inferences from its increase or decrease. The important facts to note are that the yield of the Excise shows a decrease for the three months of 57,000*l.*, and for the nine months of 132,000*l.* Here we see that the falling off in the liquor duties continues this year, as it had been going on for several years previously; and it is noteworthy that the falling off in the three months is somewhat greater than in the nine. In Customs, on the other hand, there is an increase for the quarter of 110,000*l.*, and for the nine months of 171,000*l.* Here the increase is most marked in the last quarter, having, indeed, been unimportant in the previous six months. But it would appear that this increase is mainly due to the duties on non-alcoholic articles. In Stamps, likewise, there is a decrease of as much as 110,000*l.* for the quarter, though for the nine months there is an increase of 186,695*l.* Probably the decrease in the past three months in Stamps is due to the collapse of speculation on the Stock Exchange. But Stamps do not indicate the condition of the country in the way that Customs and Excise do. Moreover, it is to be recollected that a change was made this year in the Stamp-duties; fee and some other stamps having been transferred from Stamps to the Miscellaneous Revenue. The curious thing is that, in spite of this transfer, the Miscellaneous Revenue shows a decrease of as much as 175,933*l.* for the quarter, although for the nine months there is an increase of 93,142*l.* In Property and Income-tax there

is an increase of 197,000*l.* for the quarter, but a decrease of 63,000*l.* for the nine months, showing that in the first six months of the year the productiveness of the Income-tax had been falling off, and that it is mainly due to the increase of the tax that this has been checked, the higher tax during the past quarter having been levied upon dividends then paid. The falling-off in the Income-tax suggests that Mr. Gladstone probably omitted one material consideration from his interpretation of the decrease in the productiveness of the liquor duties. There can be little doubt, we should think, that the falling-off in the Income-tax is due to the long depression in agriculture, and we are inclined to think also that to this cause is very largely attributable the decrease in the liquor duties. A depression which has plunged Ireland into distress and anarchy, and which has compelled the landlords in this country to make serious abatements of rent, cannot have been without its effect upon the revenue, and we venture to think that neither the gentry, nor the farmers, nor the agricultural labourers, have the means of spending upon drink as much as they formerly did. We fear, therefore, that in omitting to take this cause into consideration, Mr. Gladstone has been too sanguine in his hopes of increased temperance and increased thrift. At any rate it will be well to suspend our judgment upon this point until a series of good agricultural seasons succeed the bad seasons which have visited us now in such long succession, and until also the improvement in trade brings with it a great rise in wages.

The figures as they stand show a small deficit, Mr. Gladstone having anticipated that the growth of the revenue would be larger than he ventured actually to estimate for, and would thus cover the expenditure; while doubtless also he hoped to effect some savings in the latter. There can be little doubt, we should think, that his expectation will be fulfilled. The total receipts to the end of December amounted to 59,335,631*l.*, and there still remains to cover the estimated expenditure 28,061,182*l.* That this latter sum will be received in the quarter now begun does not admit of much doubt. Two years ago, when the Income-tax amounted to sixpence in the pound, the receipts were 27,869,124*l.*, and, as our readers are aware, the Income-tax is now 6*d.* in the pound. But at the same time it seems very improbable that there will be much of a surplus, unless a great change in the condition of the country occurs before the end of March. There is no cause for disquiet in the fact that the expenditure up to the end of December exceeds the receipts by about four millions. The excess is due mainly, of course, to the war in Egypt; but it is also due partly to the change introduced by Lord Sherbrooke when he was Chancellor of the Exchequer, which threw on the last quarter of the financial year a disproportionate amount of the collection of revenue. The change has caused inconveniences of many kinds, and one of them is that it does not provide the Government with a sufficiently large income in the early part of the year, while it brings in too much just at the end. As far as one can judge now, it is reasonable to expect that the estimated revenue will be somewhat exceeded; but the amount of the surplus depends upon whether the estimate of expenditure is exceeded or not. The operations in Egypt have cost nearly twice as much as they were estimated to cost when Mr. Gladstone took the Vote of Credit in July. But, on the other hand, it is possible that great savings in other directions may have been made. The probability is that the savings will not equal the increased expenditure in Egypt, and that therefore the total outlay will considerably exceed the estimate. If so, the surplus at the end of March will certainly be small. That the receipts will exceed the estimates is reasonably certain, but that they will exceed them much is not probable. Reasoning of this kind is subject to many corrections. For instance, Mr. Gladstone, when introducing his Budget, eked out his receipts by reckoning certain windfalls that were to come from the South African colonies. If those windfalls have already been received, then the Miscellaneous Revenue will probably not be largely increased. If, on the other hand, they have yet to come in, the Miscellaneous Revenue will be considerably increased, and the surplus, therefore, may be larger than we anticipate.

#### THE WINTER EXHIBITION AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

THE Royal Academy Winter Exhibition, commonly known by the name of The Old Masters, consists this year of three separate shows—one of such pictures as are generally massed together under the name just quoted, one of pictures by the late Mr. Linnell, and a third of pictures by the late Mr. D. G. Rossetti. We propose to deal first with what we may call the Old Masters proper, which occupy the big room and the room which is next in order beyond it. In both rooms there is much that is interesting; and perhaps the compilers of the Catalogue are not in any sense to be blamed for their light-hearted ascription of certain pictures to certain painters—a practice which, probably enough, it is very difficult for them to avoid, and which infuses an agreeable element of curiosity and surprise into the examination of the galleries. At the end of the big room (166–169) are Sir Joshua Reynolds's *Temperance, Justice, Faith, Hope, and Prudence*, from the same set from which last year we had *Fortitude and Charity*. The whole thing formed part of a design for the west window of the chapel of New College, Oxford. The figures are full of grace, but have, not unnaturally, less character and less of the charm of Sir Joshua's manner than, for instance, the portrait of Miss Elizabeth Beaulerck, daughter of Topham

Beaulerck, and Lady Diana Beaulerck, daughter of Charles, third Duke of Marlborough (222). Beyond the series of full-length figures just spoken of, we come to a singularly attractive portrait of Charles II. when a boy, by Van Dyck (171); and next to it is an "Ecce Homo," also by Van Dyck (172), which, like almost all the painter's sacred subjects, is treated with a dignity and soberness that command attention and respect, more perhaps than do the prettinesses of some painters who devoted themselves far more largely to sacred art. Two pictures near this of the "Virgin and Child"—one (174) in the school of, and attributed to, Andrea del Sarto, the other (175) by Bernardino Lanini—are not very first-rate. "The Annunciation" (176) is briefly and clearly described in the Catalogue in these words:—"Small half-length figures of the Virgin and the Angel appear in two medallions; grotesque decorative designs from the background; two angels are grouped together under each medallion. Panel 17½ by 15½ in." The work has a quaint attractiveness. It is put down as Raffaele's, and in the medallion on the spectator's right there is no doubt a decided likeness to his style. Another sacred picture which is at once quaint and charming is Fra Bartolommeo's "Meeting of St. Francis and St. Dominic" (178). Of the fine "Ecce Homo" (182) attributed, on what grounds it is difficult to judge, to Titian, it would be interesting to have some history. The "Caterina Cornaro" (191), which bears the same painter's name in the Catalogue, seems to be a school picture, and bears pretty evident traces of having been repainted. A similar fate seems to have befallen the interesting "Pietà" (183), by Perugino. The sketch, ascribed to Tintoretto, of "Moses Striking the Rock" (192), is interesting only as a sketch. A "Female Portrait" (196) of the "Violetta," by Paris Bordone, is a decidedly fine specimen; and the Bassano of "a Doge of Venice and his Family" (197) is interesting. In the Catalogue description of this there is an odd slip:—"The Doge is standing on the r. attired in his official robes; on the l. a younger man, and four boys in the foreground; in the upper r. corner is a stork on a shield surmounted by a Doge's cap. It may be noted that a stork was the crest of the Ciconias." Certainly it may be noted; but, as crests are not borne, like arms, on shields, it is not easy to see what this has to do with the matter in hand. The "Portraits of Two Venetian Gentlemen" (198), by Giovanni Bellini and Giorgione, sent from the National Gallery of Ireland, is a work full of interest, life, and character; and its excellence is scarcely diminished by the suspicion that the head on the spectator's right has been retouched. Close to this are some extremely fine Van Dycks. In the portraits of Philip Herbert, Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery (199), and Thomas Wentworth, Earl of Strafford (200), the painter is in his best mood of portraiture. Both pictures are full of dignity and meaning, and in both the scheme of colour is admirably worked out. The portrait of the Marchese Spinola (201) is a striking work. The pose and look of the figure and head are singularly martial and gay, and it is only to be regretted that both the head and the armour seem to have been repainted.

Leaving Van Dyck, we find ourselves amongst the English masters; and here special attention may be at once directed to Gainsborough's portrait of William Pitt (205), and to Sir Joshua's portrait of himself (209). Three Turners hang near together—"Ehrenbreitstein" (211), a brilliant foreground and background, without a middle distance; "Fishermen on a Lee Shore" (214), a work in the painter's very best manner, and the "Burning of the Houses of Parliament" (215), a work very decidedly not in the painter's best manner. Two Gainsboroughs—"Child with a Cat; Evening" (212), and "Children by the Fire; Morning" (216)—are somewhat out of the painter's most usual method, and are full of charm and poetry.

In the fourth room there is a very beautiful picture called "The Student" (226), ascribed to Rembrandt; and a "Daniel's Vision" (234), which is by no means very beautiful, which is also ascribed to Rembrandt, and which may possibly have been the work of Van Eckhardt or Ferdinand Bol. Nor is it easy to think, despite the signature quoted in the Catalogue, that the "Susannah and the Elders" (236) is Rembrandt's work. Between these two, oddly enough, hangs a fine work, as to the authorship of which there need be little doubt, which is described as a "Female Portrait" (235), and is said to be a portrait of Rembrandt's mistress. Two Jan Steens—"Card Playing" (245), from Buckingham Palace, and a larger one, "The Village School" (249), from the National Gallery of Ireland—are unusually fine examples, and are worthy of all attention. The humours of the Village School especially are given with a curious combination of breadth and minuteness. The mingling of expressions in the school-master's face might serve as a study for an actor. Why a space above these pictures and a Hobbema (246) should have been selected for hanging Sir Joshua's portrait of Miss Wynyard (247), it is impossible to guess. The mistake is perhaps the more striking because it is, fortunately, the only salient instance of really bad hanging in this part of the exhibition. Passing on, we may call attention to a fine Paul Potter (251), from Buckingham Palace, and to a portrait by Ferdinand Bol (261). Then we get again among English masters, and here are two charming portraits by Sir Joshua, one of Mrs. Abington (265), the other called "The Little Archer" (269). Gainsborough's landscape, "The Sand Getters" (276), is extremely interesting, and not least so because, in spite of its curious untruth to nature, it is one of the most beautiful and attractive pictures in the exhibition.

To the works of Linnell the first two galleries are devoted, and any student who wishes to make a somewhat exhaustive study of

this painter will find a good opportunity afforded him. Except for the interest that attaches to the comparison of the successes with the comparative failures of a distinguished painter, the number of works included in the collection might perhaps have been reduced with advantage; and perhaps in any case one of Linnell's experiments in sacred art might have been enough. We do not propose to attempt anything like a detailed account of the many pictures collected, but we may call attention to some that seem to us specially worthy of attention, and, first amongst these, to "The Sand-Card" (53), in the Second Gallery. Here the atmosphere and scheme of colouring are alike admirable, and it may be noted how much the success of the scheme of colour depends upon the horse in the foreground. In the same room "Noon" (80) is full of a sense of beauty and poetry, while two attempts at a striking storm effect (56, 65) are far from happy. The portrait of William Otter, D.D., Bishop of Chichester (72), is full of character and life, and its method may be compared and contrasted with that of the much larger portrait in the first room of the Rev. John Martin (36). In the same room "Moving Timber" (34), "The Windmill" (38), and "Landscape, with Cattle and Figures" (27), a tiny picture, of exquisite effect, will all repay attention.

The Fifth Gallery is devoted to a collection of the works of D. G. Rossetti, and these suffer from being seen all together. It is impossible to avoid a certain weariness of the constant repetition of one type; and, it may be added, there is a certain monotony in looking at a number of works of which the beauty depends almost exclusively upon a feeling for colour which is too often associated with intolerably bad drawing. The pictures are extremely ill arranged. Why they should have been placed in a *cul-de-sac* is inconceivable. But on such matters the mind of the Royal Academy is one of the strangest things in nature. We defer a detailed consideration of the Rossettis until the opening of another exhibition of some of the painter's works.

## REVIEWS.

### LIFE OF BISHOP WILBERFORCE—VOL. III.\*

MR. WILBERFORCE deserves great credit for having, with the able backing of the lively critics of the daily press, played a piquant and original practical joke upon that worthy social class whose appreciation both of politics and of literature may be sublimated into an unappeasable hankering after gossip. Society was languidly, and the serious world very intensely, longing for the appearance of the final volume of the life of his father, when a flight of ephemeral notices darkened the air racy with extracts from the Bishop's journal, in which celebrities in Church and State, some lately dead, others still living when the book was passing through the press, the rest surviving to learn their fate, were handled with a plainness of speech proving that it was only the "astounding moderation" claimed for himself by Mr. Wilberforce which could have induced him to take the world into the diarist's confidence. Literature all round was somewhat dull, and with Mr. Trollope a great generation of writers for amusement seemed to have been extinguished. Bishop Wilberforce promised to be the haven of refuge for souls jaded and sated with Ireland, Egypt, and the reconstructed Ministry, and craving something which would put them in heart for facing a second Midlothian campaign. So the book was bought up, cut open, and plunged into before the exquisite refinement of the jest became apparent to the deluded votaries of abnormal excitement. After all, the volume was not all scandal; it dealt with something beyond the dissection of private character and public worth. The newspapers had, in fact, while promising a rich treat beyond, picked all the luscious plums out, and left little behind but solid wholesome nutriment. The disappointed reader found himself face to face with such unexpected topics as *Essays and Reviews*, Colenso, Ritual, the Irish Church, and Sisterhoods; and the merry stories which he was anticipating appeared as fragments of sermons and paragraphs from Charges. We are not, we trust, kill-joys, but we are unqualifiedly relieved at this discomfiture of scandal-mongering. The massacre of an eminent reputation is no pleasure to us, and these are not days in which such killing is no murder. The upshot of Mr. Wilberforce's occasional indiscretion is to prove that which needed no proof—that Bishop Wilberforce, like so many other men of genius and action, had one pace for long distances and another for short ones. In great affairs he was far-seeing, patient, calm, and indefatigable; under lesser troubles, and perhaps at the first blush of those which were not so little, he was nervous, susceptible, and chafing to be impetuous, though sufficiently master of himself to keep a safety-valve in the form of a confidential journal—from which, we may be sure, he never intended any hand but his own to extract for publication within any measurable period of time, and the contents of which he did not care to subject to the test of rigorous examination. He heard a story, and it struck him, and so he inscribed it on what to him was only a written memory. The dupes of their own impertinent curiosity are, as might have been antici-

pated, in the least sweet of tempers; and the *Times*, which began with laughing over the whole affair as a good joke, has been driven to breaking on the wheel of its rather ponderous criticism the sallies of episcopal vivacity.

The end of it is that Bishop Wilberforce's friends must regret, while his foes will gloat over, the rashness which led him to keep the stories without dictating the recipes by which should be served up that literary feast of which he must have known that he was constituting himself caterer, and fixing the date at which it was to be opened. He can hardly have believed in the immunity from publication of such a legacy. Further than that, not much harm has been done, for the revelations, stripped of the fascination of the diarist's style, are of very slight value. The few backstairs stories have for years been the "secrets de Polichinelle," and the estimates of character are such as have already been not infrequently hinted at by various people. Every one believed that Wilberforce disliked Palmerston and Disraeli, as every one believed that Palmerston and Disraeli disliked Wilberforce, and if on one side surmise has now been turned into certainty, we do not see that history is much the better or worse. The one thing which would be interesting remains the unknown quantity—namely, what was the corresponding knowledge, as distinct from inference, of such hostile feelings on the part of the reciprocal victims. That such surmises should have led to the loss of an Archbishopric and of the Bishopric of London may have been a misfortune to the Church of England; but it was a result which it required no genius, but only average knowledge of human nature, to foresee. There is, however, one public man whose relations with Bishop Wilberforce possess a distinct present value, in so far as they help us to forecast a future which is generally important to the country and to ourselves. We need not say we refer to Mr. Gladstone, whose letters, recurring in every volume of the Life, will be of peculiar value to the historian who buckles to for the difficult task of giving an impartial character of one who has done more to make himself misunderstood than any other man of equally exuberant publicity. Among the various letters of Mr. Gladstone to the Bishop of Oxford given in this volume there is no more curious passage than one which appears with the date of July 1, 1865, during Lord Palmerston's last general election, in which, under the first disappointment of his defeat at Oxford, Mr. Gladstone says:—"There have been two great deaths or transmutations of spirit in my political existence—one, very slow, the breaking of ties with my original party; the other, very short and sharp, the breaking of the tie with Oxford. There will probably be a third, and no more." This mysterious announcement naturally piqued his correspondent, who replied:—"There is one expression of yours which I wish I understood aright, 'There will probably be a third, and no more.'" But Mr. Gladstone seems to have awoke to the risk of prophesying, and all the satisfaction which the Bishop got was, "The oracular sentence has little bearing on present affairs or prospects, and may stand in its proper darkness." So there it does stand, like the last page of *Christabel* or *Edwin Drood*. In considering it, however, we may well take into consideration a character of Mr. Gladstone which the Bishop offers a few years later, and in which, though in mild language, he hits a conspicuous blot in Mr. Gladstone's intellectual conformation, his perception of which very likely saved him from falling under the glamour as completely as some of his contemporaries—"with all his vast powers there is a want of sharp-sightedness as to others." We may also point to the exceptional influence on the mind of an already veteran statesman of this single defeat. Peel, beaten for the University, apparently stood where he was, and Sir W. Harcourt's defeat for the city of Oxford was hardly a transmigration. Two very different inferences may be drawn from this psychological revelation. Those who conduced to Mr. Gladstone's defeat will argue that his own confession justified their action, while other persons may contend that it hints the impolicy of having weakened the last band between old and new self. A third transmigration was made possible by the second one having occurred.

It will be observed that the prophecy of the third transmigration was delivered a few months previously to the death of Lord Palmerston, with whom Mr. Gladstone had no sympathy, and three years before his declaration of open war against the Irish Established Church; and it might be contended that it either pointed to a rupture with Lord Palmerston, or found its fulfilment in the disestablishment. It is very likely that it partially did so, and that it might also have included the anticipated rupture. But its full meaning, we believe, points to a longer and wider accomplishment, and, in fact, was a forecast of that declension from Liberal to democratic ideas which, taken in connexion with Mr. Gladstone's inability to discern the motives and designs of men who proffer to him the service of tongue and vote, explains, while it does not justify, the changed attitude of the Prime Minister from that of not only the Tory member for Newark, but of the Liberal-Conservative Chancellor of the Exchequer in Lord Aberdeen's Government. Brought, as Bishop Wilberforce was, under the full glare of his singular fascination, he never yielded himself absolutely to it, for he never wholly cast off the Tory principles of government with which he had in early life identified himself. But he was deeply and justly impressed with Mr. Gladstone's personal churchmanship, and was slow to comprehend the action of a mind so exceptionally constituted as to be able—owing, we dare say, in part to that very deficiency in perceiving character and motives—to hold, without attempting to dovetail the two together, one very accentuated faith

\**Life of Samuel Wilberforce, Bishop of Oxford and then of Winchester.* By his Son, Reginald G. Wilberforce. 3 vols. Vol. III. London: John Murray. 1882.

on religious matters, and another which it was difficult to reconcile with that one in secular affairs, although very natural to his new fellow-workers of differing religious convictions. There was no such moral difficulty, and indeed no difficulty at all, in convinced Whigs, like Lord Hatherley or Lord Lyttelton, being earnest supporters of the existing Church polity, or in a republican loving with all his heart the spiritual as contrasted with the political attributes of the Church. But the problem is very different which presents itself (irrespective of the Irish episode) in the retention of the old English Church platform by Mr. Gladstone, combined with a tone of politics which contributes at every turn something to raise the astonishment and disturb the confidence of Liberals, as this country used to comprehend Liberalism. Cut off in 1873, Bishop Wilberforce was not brought face to face with the later phases of the Gladstonian phenomenon. But still enough had occurred to startle him more than he seems to have been startled, and this hero-worship, though, as we see, it was not a quite unconditioned hero-worship, led people who did not take sufficient account of the abnormal results likely to follow two characters of such eccentric brilliancy as Bishop Wilberforce and Mr. Gladstone being brought into elective affinities with each other, to suspect unworthy motives in the intimacy.

This peculiarity of judgment comes out strongly in the chapter in which Mr. Wilberforce pieces together his father's narrative of the Irish disestablishment, including some very interesting memoranda of the private debates of the collective episcopates of England and Ireland after Mr. Gladstone had brought in the Irish Church Bill. The preponderant opinion was that it was too late to attempt anything more in the House of Lords than amendments in Committee; and no one was more urgent in putting this than Bishop Wilberforce, while with equal urgency he pressed the asseveration that the thing was utterly bad in itself and would do no good to Ireland. But one thing never seems to have occurred to him, and that was to ask at whose doors such an unnatural dilemma might justly be laid, who the eloquent statesmen were who had discredited and put out of sight that policy, once so dear to Liberals, which Lord Grey recommended as concurrent endowment, and the genial Lord Mayo, on the other side, as levelling up. He drops nothing to show that the thought had ever flashed on him that in the transmigration the light of any such beacon was lost sight of, and the last chance thrown away of enlisting those spiritual forces, which are exceptionally strong in a susceptible people such as the Irish, on the side of order and government. The only comfort left was Archbishop Tait's cruelly sensible summing up:—"The real question is how the great Conservative party is to be influenced? All agree that some change in the Irish Establishment is inevitable. Gladstone only has a plan, in my opinion the worst possible plan; but all we can hope to do is to amend the present Bill."

Mr. Wilberforce forcibly defends his father's memory from any injurious aspersions upon his acceptance of the see of Winchester in 1869 from Mr. Gladstone. The income docked by Bishop Sumner's pension—and he, in fact, survived his successor—was smaller than that of Oxford, while the claims were greater and the work harder, with a diocese to organize afresh, including then South London, and all the episcopal livings but two filled up by Bishop Sumner, whose partiality for his own school was so well known. One reason which weighed with the Bishop not to refuse is strangely enough not mentioned by the squire of Lavington, although it comes out further on in the book in a letter to Sir Arthur Gordon. We know that the Bishop told a personal friend that he had been influenced by his having pointed out how easily the southern part of his new diocese could be worked from Lavington, which, although in Sussex, stands close to the borders of Hampshire.

Just after his acceptance of Winchester had become known, the Bishop attended the Church Congress at Liverpool, which is recorded in the *Life* by a long extract from his speech at the working-men's meeting. It would have been more true to history if the biographer had noted that this speech was one of the few instances in the Bishop's career of his failure to secure an oratorical success. Liverpool was the headquarters of a knot of bitter and fanatical clergy who were much set against Bishop Wilberforce on account of his Church opinions, and it soon became evident that the hall was packed with their adherents. The Bishop was hardly allowed to begin before he was assailed with unmannerly interruptions; and though he tried the weapon, which so seldom failed in his hands, of plucky, good-humoured railleury, it was in this case of little use against men who had come for the purpose of creating a disturbance.

From the continuous interest of the question, the portions of this volume which refer to the ceremonial controversy, and, in particular, the chapter which gives with due discretion much of the private history of the Ritual Commission, are of peculiar value. We propose to recur to the *Life*, in order to say something upon the matter.

#### A DICTIONARY OF FOLK ETYMOLOGY.\*

OF all semi-scientific recreations, etymology is perhaps the most popular. The least educated people cannot help feeling now and then that "the word they know becomes a wonder to

them," and they must satisfy this wonder by some explanation. That explanation is usually a kind of practical myth, and takes the shape of a corrupted, but, to the popular fancy, a more intelligible, form of the mysterious and puzzling word. Mr. Palmer, in this amusing dictionary of "Folk Etymology," gives numerous examples of the process by which the people convert a mysterious into an intelligible term. There is a story of a woman who had been a hospital nurse and a rather disreputable character. Being ill, and imagining she was about to die, she made certain confessions, which she found rather embarrassing when she recovered her health. The woman, therefore, insisted that "no notice should be taken of what a body says when they think they are in *particular notice*." It appears that she meant in *articulo mortis*. Not understanding that term, though she was aware of its significance, she framed for herself an etymological myth, to the effect that the dying occupy in a remarkable degree the attention of invisible powers. We have fancied that a very conjectural etymologist might see a myth in the popular expression "A miss is as good as a mile." Taken by itself, it is not very intelligible. But, if we read "Amis is as good as Amile," we get a plain statement of facts; for Amis was a famous hero of chivalrous romance, whose friend Amile was his precise counterpart, and as "good as" he in every respect. It will scarcely be denied that this is a neat explanation and an odd coincidence, though we are convinced that there is nothing in it. Another etymological myth is that invented by the poor woman who said her husband was suffering from "a kangaroo toe." She meant a "gangrened toe"; but she had in her mind the kangaroo's habit of covering the plain by a series of hops, as a man would have to do who could not set one foot to the ground. This is Mr. Palmer's story. Another, with which we present him, is the malaprop of an intelligent old negro woman in an English family. She had seen Mr. Morris's *Story of the Valsunga and Niblungs*, and had heard enough about it apparently to get some idea of the character of these heroes. She therefore spoke of the book as "The false ones and the evil ones." When the excessively advanced lady called one of her horses, a bolter, "Arabi," it was natural that she should be thought to have given the name because the horse had a confirmed habit of running away. There is a Scotch hymn which contains the line, "For His sheep He doth us take"; and we have known a child who was taught it by rote, and who imagined that the line ran thus:—"For his sheep he doth a steak"—a form of refreshment not really wholesome for sheep. "Longbelly" is a very fair popular rendering of "Langalibalele," like "Horrible Pasha" for "Arabi Pasha"; "The Bart" for Sardanapalus (read Sir Danapalus); and Sardanapalus himself is an old popular form of Assur-ban-i-pal, as "Sir Roger Dowler" is *Siraju-d-daula*. No doubt the Hindoos, who call champagne "Simpkin," have more or less consciously evolved the idea of one Simpkin, the eponymous hero of this beverage. Indeed there is no more fruitful source of myths than the conversion of a local name of a river or hill into that of an eponymous hero or heroine. There is a place called Longformacus in Berwickshire, and the country people, to explain the name, have invented one Macus, who kept a *popina* there in the days of the Roman occupation, and for whom and his tavern the soldiers "longed" when they were sent further north.

Though mistaken etymologies thus cause a number of ætiological myths—that is, myths meant to explain the existence of a word—we need not follow some of Mr. Palmer's authorities in regarding most myths as etymological. Thus we read, "The shining Apollo, born of light, is said to be born in Delos, or Lycia, because the terms *Dēlios* and *Lykēgenēs* were not understood." This explanation may be true; but, on the other hand, most Greek gods were said to have been born in dozens of places, and it would be hard work to prove that all these legends were etymological myths. Zeus, according to Pausanias, had as many birthplaces as Teui Goam among the Hottentots has graves. Hera, too, had plenty of birthplaces. Probably ancient local priesthoods magnified their office by alleging that their temple was the scene of the birth of the local god. As to *Lukēgenēs*, Apollo is also called *Lukēios*, implying some such relation with the wolf as the name *Smintheus* implies with the field-mouse. Ælian has a story that Leto, the mother of Apollo, was changed into a she-wolf, as Callisto was changed into a she-bear. Now these myths may be mere etymological guesses. But, on the other hand, all the gods of uncivilized races are much more common in bestial than in human shape, and it is natural to suppose that traces of similar belief would endure in Greek legends. We know scarcely any Greek god who did not, at one time or another, assume animal forms, and who was not associated with sacred animals. Indeed Plutarch observes that, while the Egyptians worshipped animals, the Greeks were content to assign sacred animals to each god. It would be a tremendous task to explain all these facts by a theory of etymological myths.

Some of Mr. Palmer's authorities do attempt this task in one or two instances. Thus we read, "Even the savage tribes of America are misled by a false etymology to call Michabo, the Kadmos of the Red Indians (from *michi*, 'great,' and *wabos*, 'white'), a White Hare." Now it is certain that some American tribes believed (Strachey, *Historie of Travaile into Virginia*, p. 98) that "their chief god often appeared to them in the form of a mighty hare," "a chimerical beast," as an old missionary calls it. But this theory that the "White Hare" is an etymological myth, arising from the misunderstood meaning of a word, will scarcely hold water. It is a solution of one example in a vast problem—namely, why are almost all American, Peruvian, Bush-

\* *Folk Etymology: a Dictionary of Corrupted Words.* By the Rev. A. S. Palmer. London: Bell & Sons. 1882.

man, and Australian gods and first ancestors animals, such as Ravens, Wolves, Cockatoos, Crows, Coyotes, Sardines, Spiders, Grasshoppers, and so forth? Are all these countless ancestral and divine animals derived from etymological blunders? The White Hare is only one totem, or ancestral animal, among many neighbours of the same sort. His name, *Michabo*, is derived, according to Brinton, from *michi*, "great," and *wabos*, "hare." But *wabi*, *wape*, *wompi*, *waubish*, and *oppai* are Algonkin words for "white." Therefore, it is argued, the Algonkins, who originally worshipped a "great white being" (like the White Czar), have transferred their faith to a great hare—mistaking *wape*, "white," for *wabos*, "hare." If this is advanced as an explanation of the literally countless animal gods, it must be backed by etymological researches of proportionate extent. Otherwise we must regard this theory of an etymological myth as a myth itself, and one of the most provoking sorts of myths—those which spring from arbitrary handling of etymology. Let us take another example. Athene is called *Tritogeneia*. Of this term many theories exist. Athene was born at Lake Tritonis, or she is born of the water (Sk. *trita*). But a legend as old as Hesiod (*Works and Days*, 924), and probably referred to in the Homeric view of the relations between Zeus and Athene, declares that Athene sprang from the head of Zeus. A word *ῥιπρώ*, meaning head, is said to have existed in Æolie; but the statement is doubted. If such a word as *ῥιπρώ*, meaning "head," ever existed, it is a most natural conjecture that *Tritogeneia*, meaning "water-born," was forced, by an etymological myth, to mean "born from the head." But the Greek etymology will not, of course, explain the Manganian myth that the god Tangaroa was born from the head of the goddess Papa (*Myths and Songs of the South Pacific*, p. 10). Nor will any etymological explanation of the birth of Dionysus from the thigh of Zeus tell us why, according to another Manganian legend, Tangaroa was born from the arm of Papa. Mr. Palmer, in the same passage as that which deals with *Tritogeneia*, quotes Dr. Hahn's theory that Tsui Goab, or "Wounded Knee," the god of the Hottentots, really means "Red Dawn." But we showed some time ago, in reviewing Dr. Hahn's book, that the etymological reasoning by which this derivation was made out was, as M. Réville has just been saying, extremely lax and faulty. But, granting that it was a plausible explanation in Hottentot, it could not explain the lame gods of Greece and of the Brazilians; nor could it tell us why Tsui Goab receives all the honours usually paid to actual and undeniably ancestral ghosts among the Hottentots. Yet another example of rash etymology is that which derives the constellation of the Bear from a Sanskrit root *ark*, meaning "shining." If we had only one example of constellations named after animals, this would be a probable theory. But almost all the constellations of savages have animal names; and the Red Indians, who have their own bear where the Greeks had theirs, certainly did not derive the animal from a mistaken Sanskrit etymology. Again, the Greek legend of how the Bear came into the skies is the precise counterpart of Australian, Aztec, Sanskrit, Ojibbeway, and other scattered stellar myths. The Bear was once a woman, the mother of the Bears—that is, the Arcadians.

The conclusion we would draw is that etymological explanations should scarcely be used where identical myths are found in languages which are utterly unlike that from which the explanation is drawn. And this caution is the more necessary because philologists seem usually to be ignorant of myths in non-Aryan and non-Semitic languages.

Besides its bearing on mythology, Mr. Palmer's book is replete with casual matters of interest, odd and out-of-the-way quotations, and "things not generally known." It is rather hard to believe that honeymoon, *lune de miel*, is in no way connected with honey, but it is "no doubt the same word as the Icelandic *hjon*, a wedded pair." Is "hand of glory" the dead man's hand, lit up with wicks made of the dead man's hair, derived from *main-de-gloire*, a corruption of *mandragore*? *Gutta-percha* seems "at first blush" (which has nothing to do with blushing) inevitably connected with *gutta* in gardener's Latin. But it is an English form of Malay *getah pertja*, "gum of Sumatra." Some analogies are brought to prove that *fox-glove* may be folk's glove, good-folk's glove, fairy glove. But too many of our plants are named after animals for us to accept this solution. The ivory fishes, counters at domestic loo, are, it seems, *fishes*, markers. But there is no end to this learning. We cannot recommend a better book for desultory curiosity, confined to a country house by wet weather, than Mr. Palmer's *Folk Etymology*. In method and science he has greatly improved since he published *Leaves from a Word-hunter's Note-book*. And Mr. Skeat has corrected most of the present volume, which is as entertaining a work as we have read for many a day.

#### GOUGH'S PHILOSOPHY OF THE UPANISHADS.\*

FOR practical purposes this is perhaps the most important of the works that have thus far appeared in Trübner's "Oriental Series." It is quite possible for students, or at all events for beginners, to go through a vast mass of Vedic and post-Vedic literature, or to spend much time on learned and ponderous expositions of Brahmanic or Buddhist doctrines, without forming

any clear idea of the scope and value, the truth or the falsehood, of either the one or the other. It is more than possible to make oneself master of a multitude of Sanskrit texts, speaking of the omniscience, the biasfulness, the eternal thought of the one Self of the Universe, the one reality underlying the illusions and cheats of the phenomenal world, without determining whether these and other terms of Hindu theology or philosophy are used in the senses ordinarily attached to them in the minds of European thinkers. It is the old story of carelessness in the use of abstract terms, of the laziness which imagines that it is possible to carry out processes of thought to good purpose without an accurate definition of terms. Plato and Sankhya alike speak of the bias of those who attain to the peace of perfect union with God; do they both mean the same thing when they use these words? Still more, are the conditions under which Hindus have grown up in the East, and Greeks, Latin, and Teutons in the West, the same now? Have they been the same at any time in the past? May not the ways in which Asiatics and Europeans regard things be so radically different as to make it impossible for the one to understand the other without a keen analysis of every single term used in any discussion? Most of all, may it not be a mistake to attribute to the Hindus the capacities of the most advanced portions of that Aryan race to which they are supposed to belong? May it not, lastly, be an error to speak of them as Aryans at all, or at all events in any sense which would imply that they are more Aryan than anything else?

These are momentous questions, which it is right to put, and to which we are bound to seek the true answer. Mr. Gough has handled them firmly and courageously. He has weighed the whole matter well, and his conclusions are laid before the reader without any hesitation, and in terms the clearness of which leaves, as we should suppose, no room for any misunderstanding. If it might be rash to say that he is everywhere right, it would be still more imprudent to throw aside as worthless even the most startling of his statements without a fair and impartial examination of his arguments, and of the evidence on which they rest. We are inclined to think that Mr. Gough has made too much of the intermixture which must follow a conquest such as that of the valleys of the Indus and the Ganges by the invading Aryan tribes, and that he speaks of their descendants in terms scarcely justified by their present condition, and still less by any reference to their past history. There is no need to deny the fact of intermixture, or to underestimate its extent; and we may readily admit that the development of Hindu thought has been in some measure influenced by the beliefs of the conquered populations. But Mr. Gough is not content with any position which would leave the Hindu an Aryan in the same sense in which an Englishman of the present day may still be called an Englishman:—

As regards the limitations of race and hereditary nature [he contends] the greatest confusion has been introduced into the popular study of Indian matters by the term Arian. This word has been fertile in every variety of fallacy, theoretical and practical. Before the work of thought begins in India, the invading Arian tribes have become Indo-Aryans or Hindas. They have been assimilated to and absorbed into the earlier and ruder populations of modified Negrito and Tatar types, whom they at first fought against as the dark-skinned *Dasyus* and made to till the soil and drudge for them as *Sudras*.

The inference here would seem to be that the Aryans of India have been as thoroughly merged into the aboriginal populations, and have as completely adopted their modes of thought and methods of life, as the Teutonic invaders of the Continental provinces of the Empire were absorbed in the mighty mass of Roman civilization. In Mr. Gough's opinion the Hindus are a low and unprogressive race, and even the earliest conquerors of the Punjab are marked as little better than savages:—

It is all but impossible [he insists] to place oneself in the position of the ancient Indian sages—to see things as they saw them, and to name them in the names they gave them. The effort is nothing less than an endeavour to revert to a ruder type of mental structure, to put aside our hereditary culture, and to become for the time barbarians.

The matter thus brought into debate is a difficult one. Hindus, Persians, Greeks, Latins, and Teutons are now commonly believed to be offshoots from the same parent stock. But the whole question turns manifestly on the degrees of affinity which linked these several tribes as they started on their several quests for new homes. If language is to be a test at all, then the tribes already mentioned may be most decidedly spoken of as akin to each other, and most of them as closely akin. The genuine Persians who followed the standards of Xerxes spoke only another form of the same speech in which the countrymen of Themistocles expressed their thoughts; nor were there wanting other characteristics which distinguished both from Assyrians and Phœnicians. To the Greek the Persian was certainly a barbarian; but this did not necessarily mean more than that he could not understand his speech. The term was not a studied expression of contempt. Yet the interval was vast which separated the Persian subject of an absolute despot from the Greek member of a free assembly of self-governing men, and which distinguished the hordes driven along by brute force from men who paid a voluntary obedience to law. In this sense the Hindu is vastly nearer to us than the Persian, and perhaps even than the Slav. It may be a case of arrested growth; but the village community of the Hindu has much the same elements of freedom and self-government as the Teutonic township or parish. Nay, it is the very possession of this local polity, with the substantial liberty conferred by it, so far as it goes, which has caused the Hindu to pass so contentedly from one foreign lord or conqueror to another. So long as the

\* *The Philosophy of the Upanishads and Ancient Indian Metaphysics*. By Archibald Edward Gough, M.A., Principal of the Calcutta Madrasah. London: Trübner & Co.

sovereign was contented with tribute or revenue, the life of these village communities went on undisturbed; and to the families included in them it made no difference to whom their headmen paid the sums assessed upon them. Of other signs of degradation in the Hindu character which Mr. Gough traces to the influence of the races conquered by them, many, if not all, are or were to be found in Englishmen, Norwegians, and other European peoples, who have certainly not been infected by the ways of Bhils, Ghonds, and Santals. It is not easy to see why the fierce blood-thirst of Bhima in the Mahabharata should be a non-Aryan characteristic any more than the Berserker rage of Norwegians and Icelanders. The belief in transmigrations or metempsychosis, Mr. Gough allows, is common to most savage nations and to many which are not savage. To the Hindu it has become a subject of unspeakable torment, and the terrible forms which it has assumed in his mind may be the result of the influence exercised on them by aliens; but the idea or conviction which serves as a foundation for this faith, and without which it could never hold its ground, is shared probably by every branch of the Aryan family of peoples. This idea is that of the misery and bondage of all earthly existence; and it is an idea which, he asserts, did not oppress "the cheerful spirit of the Vedic worshippers aspiring to health and wealth and length of days, and an after life in the realms of Yama amidst the forefathers of mankind." The development of this conviction into the notion of an endless series of transmigrations he regards as the strongest evidence of moral and spiritual deterioration and degradation. Yet it is not easy to see why it should be more a degradation for the Hindu philosopher than it was for Plato or for Socrates; or why the sense of oppression arising from the conditions of the outward world should imply an intellectual and spiritual falling away in the authors of the Upanishads any more than in St. Paul. Mr. Gough himself quotes the phrase "Omnis creatura ingemiscit," and he cannot be unaware that this phrase is a keynote to the thoughts worked out in the letter in which it is found. The polyandrous marriage of Draupadi is a better instance of the evil effects of intermixture with Dasyus; but the practice never became prevalent amongst Hindus, and practically it may be said to have remained unknown.

In short, it seems unwise to say that the changes which Aryan character and intellect have undergone in India are such as could not have modified English character and intellect if the Teutonic tribes had betaken themselves to the banks of the Indus and the Jumna. But when from these doubtful questions Mr. Gough turns to an examination of the various phases of philosophy which followed the teaching of the true Vedic age, he speaks with a force and cogency which demand all respect, and the clearness with which he exhibits their real nature entitles him to the gratitude of his readers, and indeed of all who seek to know the truth. We may be pardoned if we confess that we are growing weary with discussions about Brahmanic absorption into the Great Self, about the Buddhist Nirvana, which leave us altogether uncertain as to the real meaning of the words, and therefore as to the convictions of those who use them. Mr. Gough declares that virtually both the one and the other are outgrowths of a blank and hopeless atheism, if words are to be interpreted according to the processes of European thought. Englishmen can attach no idea to a mind which is unconscious, to an omniscience which knows nothing, to a life in which there is no action. Mr. Gough places the absolute emptiness of both the Brahman and the Buddhist belief in the clearest possible light, and shows that the apology of Sankaracharya for the Vedanta philosophy simply maintained for it against the thesis of Buddhists a distinction without a difference. The absorption of the Yogi into the Great Self, the One reality, is mere extinction; and every term in which the Great Self is spoken of strips it of all reality for Western minds:—

The Self is said to be omniscient; but the reader must not be misled: this only means that it is self-luminous. . . . The omniscience of the Self is its irradiation of all things. . . . The ideal or spiritual reality of Brahman is not convertible with conscious spirit. On the contrary, the spiritual reality that, according to the poets of the Upanishads, underlies all things, has *per se* no cognition of objects; it transcends the relation of subject and object; it lies beyond duality. It is true that these poets speak of it as existence, intelligence, beatitude. But we must be cautious. Brahman is not intelligence in our sense of the word. The intelligence, the thought—that is, the Self which the Self is—is described as eternal Knowledge, without objects, the imparting of light to the cognitions of migrating sentiences. . . . Brahman is beatitude; but we must again be cautious. Brahman is not beatitude in the ordinary sense of the word. It is a bliss beyond the distinction of subject and object, a bliss the poets of the Upanishads liken to a dreamless sleep. Brahman *per se* is neither God nor conscious God; and on this it is necessary to insist, to exclude the baseless analogies to Christian theology that have sometimes been imagined by writers, Indian and European.

It is to this state of absolute unconsciousness, of total absence of thought, motive, will, that the philosophy of the Upanishads professes to open a way. There is no other mode of deliverance from the weary round of painful and hopeless existences, all beginning and ending in utter woe; but the sage who brings himself to this condition of absolute indifference may escape all this unspeakable misery, and he may attain to it during his present life on earth. As soon as he has done this he is absolutely free. Nothing that he says or does, nothing that others may say or do to him, can affect him any more. Good deeds cannot benefit him; evil deeds cannot defile him. To Western thought the inference seems to be that a deadly blow is here struck against morality, and that the distance is not great from such a theory to the teachings of Trusty Tomkins in Scott's story of *Woodstock*. The in-

ference is fully justified, and the pleading of Sankaracharya in arrest of judgment must go for nothing. The Bhagavadgita is evidence enough that for the devout killing is no murder. All things are illusive. Men are not really living, and they do not really die. It is all a meaningless show, and the sage may slay with the placid tranquillity with which he may quench his thirst or lie down to sleep.

Mr. Gough may well say, "There is little that is spiritual in all this." The truth is that the later Hindu philosophy has emptied the Great Self of all reality as effectually as it has made the phenomenal world a mere optical cheat. The Brahman creed, and the creed of the Buddhist, have no hope for man here or hereafter. Both alike are the victims of a strange and sad disease; and when whole nations are sick, still more when the sickness extends to a multitude of nations, the task of finding and applying a remedy is neither easy nor encouraging. Mr. Gough, in this volume, has at least pointed out the nature and range of the malady, and by so doing he has worthily discharged a high duty. We cannot doubt that for all who may take it up the work must be one of profound interest.

#### LADY BLOOMFIELD'S REMINISCENCES.\*

DURING the last few years the libraries have been almost flooded with Reminiscences, Diaries, and Memoirs of a variety of more or less obscurely illustrious personages; but, with the decided exception of the Journal of Mr. Greville, there are, we suspect, very few of these voluminous vanities that are likely to survive in the general reading of the twentieth century. Horace Walpole and Sir Nathaniel Wraxall were the original ancestors of this class of literature, but its immediate parents were Mr. Thomas Raikes and Captain Gronow; and it was to the success of the Diary of the former, and of the rambling, scrambling Reminiscences of the latter, that we are indebted for the recent inundation. In most of these books we find the same anecdotes related over and over again; and, if there are any new ones, they are usually either untrue, or else of a species analogous to the stories of Captain Sumph. The opinions of commonplace people concerning the great personages of their time, and their comments on passing events, are not usually either instructive or entertaining; but there is no doubt that any one moving largely in Court or political society, and regularly keeping a diary of passing gossip, and noting the sayings of the leaders of the day, may leave behind him materials for a book of considerable interest. Unfortunately the majority of the recent compilations of family or personal papers, which should have been reserved for private circulation, have palpably been written up and beaten out into records intolerable alike to gods and men. Lady Bloomfield, to whom we are indebted for the present pages, was a Maid of Honour at twenty, and an Ambassadress at twenty-three, and for the next twenty-six years of her life passed most of her time at St. Petersburg, Berlin, and Vienna; so that she enjoyed rare opportunities for the collection of gossip of a particularly interesting kind; but, considering how great were her chances, her book is, we must confess, disappointing, so far as the experiences of her diplomatic life are concerned. Without any breach of propriety, Lady Bloomfield might have presented to her readers a very lively account of the Court of St. Petersburg during the period that the Emperor Nicholas was in the zenith of his career; her narrative is decidedly thin, the fact being probably that she has merely put down, long afterwards, such episodes and stories as she happened to remember. Consequently there is a visible weakness in this part of the book, and its chronology at times is rather confused; still the narrative is written throughout with such unaffected simplicity and with such a winning absence of pretension, and there is so much in it that is fresh and lively and sincere in manner and expression, that most readers who take it up in the hope of finding something of more permanent value are likely to be sorry when they lay it down.

Lady Bloomfield was the youngest child of the second Lord Ravensworth, who was the father of so large a family that his daughter tells a story of how, when walking in Portland Place one day, he met a nurse carrying a very beautiful baby in her arms, and inquiring whose it was, the nurse answered, "Your own, Sir Thomas!" The author was brought up in the strict, wholesome, old-fashioned way; she seems to have been particularly fortunate in her mother, who superintended the training and education of her children with anxious care. One of the most welcome passages in this book is a letter of most admirable counsel, written to her by her mother on her appointment as Maid of Honour. One of her most amusing stories of her earlier life is that of Turner, who, when dining with Mr. Thompson, the well-known "minister" of Duddingstone, whose rooms were full of pictures, many of them his own work, remarked, "Mr. Thompson, there are many handsome frames, but I think I could do something better in them."

Lady Bloomfield's eldest sister, the Marchioness of Normanby, was Lady-in-Waiting to the Queen during Lord Melbourne's administration, and shared with the Duchess of Sutherland the distinction of being at the bottom of the "Bedchamber plot." It was probably through the Queen's friendship for Lady Normanby that a few months after Sir Robert Peel's accession to power her

\* *Reminiscences of Court and Diplomatic Life.* By Georgiana, Baroness Bloomfield. 2 vols. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co. 1883.

youngest sister was offered the post of Maid of Honour. Offices of this sort were not then coveted. The tragic fate of Lady Flora Hastings had strengthened the bad impression produced by the account given in Mme. d'Arbly's Memoirs of the hard, exhausting, and often degrading fatigue duty which fell to her lot during her servitude under Queen Charlotte. Moreover, the Court had ceased to be the fountain of honour, and of profit. During the last twenty years of the life of George IV. the Court was the Temple of Fortune, and there was scarcely anything which a favoured courtier could not obtain. Commissions for sons, prebendal stalls for clerical *protégés*, coronets for themselves, and pensions for their relatives—all these were to be had by the hangers-on at Windsor, and at Windsor only; so that the highest and the mightiest in the land were eager to perform all the humiliating offices of courtiership; and the man who had the knick-knackery of life at his fingers' ends, and was willing to accommodate himself to the fantastic tastes of the King, might rise to almost any height of place to which mediocrity without merit could aspire. At that period there was an overflowing abundance of pensions, sinecures, and perquisites, and George IV. was a liberal paymaster (according to Sydney Smith's definition of charity) to his dependents. The Reform Bill here and the Revolution of July in France extinguished the race of courtiers and "King's friends," and there has not since been any irresistible inducement for independent men to change their opinions, tastes, and habits according to the caprices of the Sovereign.

The first qualifications for a Lady-in-Waiting, as defined by a great person, are an unalterable smile and universal information. On arriving at Windsor our author found that her chief duty consisted in giving the Queen her bouquet before dinner every other day. The first ceremony at which Lady Bloomfield was present was the christening of the Prince of Wales, at which her curiosity was much excited by "an immense gold vessel, more like a bath than anything else, containing thirty dozen of wine, which was filled with mulled claret, to the no small surprise of the Prussians, who thought, I believe, that another royal duke was to be drowned in mulled claret instead of Malmsey." This vessel was the famous wine-cooler made by Rundell for George IV. The author does not add, what has been recorded by another diarist, that the said mulled claret was served to the company in silver buckets. The King of Prussia came over for the christening. He seems to have wearied of the rigid etiquette of the English Court; for, as the Chamberlain and attendants were backing and bowing in taking him to the carriage, he exclaimed, "De grâce ne faites donc pas cette cérémonie pour moi; allez-vous en, allez vous en!" Windsor Castle appears to have been a most cheerful residence in those days, and when the Ministers came they invariably vied with each other in telling good stories. Even Sir Robert Peel is described as "very amusing." The Queen's courage and ever kindly indulgent consideration for others are illustrated by the following incident:—

That evening (after the attempt of Francis) the Queen was talking to Sir Robert Peel, who was much affected at the risk Her Majesty had run, when the Queen turned to me and said, "I dare say, Georgy, you were surprised at not driving with me this afternoon; but the fact was that, as we returned from church yesterday, a man presented a pistol at the carriage-window, which flashed in the pan; we were so taken by surprise that he had time to escape; so I knew what was hanging over me, and was determined to expose no life but my own."

Lady Bloomfield would have pleased many readers if she had quoted "the detestable riddle" over which the Queen and Prince Albert "puzzled their brains" for four days; after which a letter was sent to the Bishop of Salisbury (Dr. Denison), who was supposed to have written it, and to have offered a reward for its explanation; but he answered that "the whole thing is untrue and unfounded." During the Queen's residence at Claremont the attendance of the Maids of Honour was dispensed with, and the author went on a visit to Lord and Lady Lansdowne at Bowood, where she met the poet "Tom Moore," of whom, in his decline, she gives a somewhat pathetic account. A year later the Duke of Wellington came to Windsor, and walks for a long time with Prince Albert. "I was amused at hearing a long description about . . . larders; it might have been a French cook instead of the hero of Waterloo." There are some pretty anecdotes of the Princess Royal:—"Whilst they were dining the other day the Queen called her, as she often does, 'Missy.' The Princess took no notice the first time, but the next she looked up very indignantly, and said to her mother, 'I'm not Missy, I'm the Princess Royal.'" "She speaks French fluently (three years old) and she was reading the other day, when Lady Lyttelton went up to her; so she motioned her away with her hand, and said, 'N'approchez pas moi; moi ne veut pas vous!'" And on another occasion, when driving in the Great Park, "the Princess took a fancy to some heather at the side of the road, and asked Lady Dunmore to get her some. Lady Dunmore observed she could not do that, as we were driving too fast; so the Princess answered, 'No, you can't; but those girls might get out and get me some—meaning Miss Paget and me!'" The author accompanied the Court on the Queen's visit to Louis Philippe at the Chateau d'Eu. On the voyage the Queen desired to taste the men's grog, and said, "I am afraid I can only make the same remark I did once before, that I think it would be very good if it were stronger." During the stay with the King it had been intended to perform an opera each evening to amuse the Queen, "but unfortunately they had only brought two pieces—one ridiculed the English, and the other was said to be so improper

that Her Majesty objected to it"; so a concert conducted by Auher was substituted. There are graphic accounts of Royal visits to Drayton Manor, Chatsworth ("the grandeur of this place far surpasses anything I could have imagined, the royal magnificence of everything is overpowering"), Burleigh, and Belvoir, and on returning from there the Queen "told some funny anecdotes":—

One was that the mother of a girl who was going to service in a Duke's establishment gave her daughter strict injunctions to say "Your Grace" if ever the Duke spoke to her. The girl promised to pay attention to this, and departed. A few days afterwards the Duke met her in a passage, and asked her some question, which, instead of answering, the poor girl immediately began, "For what I have received," &c. On another occasion an inspector was examining the children at the Duke's school. Among other questions, he asked the meaning of the word "grace," upon which the children all exclaimed with one accord that it meant the Duke of Rutland.

On the Ministers coming to the Castle they all disport themselves in anecdotes at the expense of various Lord Mayors. Sir Robert relates how, at a Guildhall dinner, he heard Alderman Flower remark to Mr. Canning, "My Lord Ellenborough (the Lord Chief Justice) was a man of uncommon sagacity; why, sir, had he been here, he would have told me by a single glance of his eye which is the best of these five haunches of venison." About this time Lady Bloomfield writes, "It always strikes me as so odd when I come back into waiting; everything else changes, but the life here never does, and is always exactly the same from day to day, and from year to year." In 1845 the author quitted Court, on her marriage with the Hon. John (afterwards second Lord) Bloomfield, the eldest son of Sir Benjamin Bloomfield, who was Mayor of the Palace to George IV. until he was superseded by Sir William Knighton. The Queen wrote a very kind letter of congratulation, "hoping you will be as happy through a long life as we are; I cannot wish you more than this."

Lady Bloomfield's residence at St. Petersburg extended over five years, but it was interrupted by several long absences, as the climate did not suit her health. Her narrative gives a terribly depressing picture of the contrast between the barbaric magnificence of the nobles and the fearful misery of the bulk of the population. Some of her reminiscences of Russian society are so vivid that we can only regret that she has not spared her readers more of them:—

We were amused to hear that a party had been invited to dine with the Grand Duke Michael, to eat some English mutton, which is considered a great delicacy at St. Petersburg. This turned out to be a poor sheep my father sent over, which broke its leg on the voyage from England, and had to be killed immediately; but which we could not use because the meat was bad, so it was sold by our cook to the Grand Duke as a great favour, but of course when the meat came to table it was uneatable.

The Russian Court did not at this period extend much hospitality to the diplomatic body, but Lady Bloomfield seems to have experienced much kindness from the Empress, who was in very bad health, and she was greatly impressed by the appearance and conversation of the Emperor Nicholas; but her residence in Russia was evidently disagreeable, and she writes on one of her journeys to England of the "far greater air of comfort, cleanliness, and civilization" which appeared directly one crossed the frontier. There are some striking stories showing the horrors which were possible under the serf system, and the intolerable espionage which was then exercised by the police over persons of all ranks, natives and foreigners alike. In spite of the Czar's activity and severity, jobbery was rampant in all the departments of the State. The Minister of Police seems to have been practically omnipotent, and it was the paramount object of all Russians to stand well with this functionary:—

When General Count Bockendorff was Minister of Police, on returning home one night from his club, he found his pocket-book, which was full of rouble notes, missing. He accordingly gave the police notice of the fact, stating the sum he had lost. A few days after the sum was returned to him without the pocket-book, which was reported lost; but in the meantime it had been found, notes and all, in his fur pelisse, having slipped down between the lining and the cloth. The police, to show their zeal and activity, had collected the notes all themselves, and presented it to their superior officer.

Lady Bloomfield relates an odd Abernethy-like story of Dr. Rogerson, the Empress Katharine's physician; and it seems that, if that sovereign had followed his advice, her life would have been prolonged. At a review which was attended by the Ambassador,

the officer in command made an egregious mistake by leading his men up a hill in the face of a strong force of artillery, which was blazing away like fury. The Emperor's quick eye speedily detected the error, and, in a perfect fury, he drew his sword, and rode at the wretched officer in command, and my husband said he hardly knew what would happen, but thought the Emperor was going to cut off the culprit's epaulettes. After, however, giving him a severe reprimand, the Emperor turned round to the suite, and said, "Gentlemen, after this humiliating spectacle we have just witnessed, I think the review had better conclude, so adieu"; and he turned his horse's head and galloped off the field.

On one Easter Day, when the Emperor came out of the chapel at the Winter Palace, saying "Christus vos Krest" (Christ is risen), the universal salutation on that festival, the sentinel responded, "That is a lie." It turned out that he was a Jew, but we are not told whether he was knouted for so astounding an indiscretion.

In 1851 Lord and Lady Bloomfield were transferred to Berlin, to the great delight of her ladyship, who indeed might well be thankful that her husband escaped the very unpleasant crisis which awaited Sir Hamilton Seymour, who succeeded him at St. Petersburg. After a short time, however, Berlin was not a pleasant place for the English, and the Ambassador and his wife found

their position very awkward, as the Queen was a fanatical partisan of Russia, while other members of the family, notably the Princess of Prussia (now Empress of Germany), were on the English side; the King, weak and vacillating always, inclining to neutrality. Lady Bloomfield indignantly vindicates poor Frederick William IV. from the degrading insinuations as to his habits at table which assailed him at this time, and which are embodied in a *Punch* cartoon. In the spring of 1854 parties were running so high that "the town was divided into two political camps, and those who were well with Russia, which included the Queen and the whole of the 'Kreuz-Zeitung' party, almost cut us and our French colleagues," while the Princess of Prussia (now Empress of Germany) found her residence in Berlin "very trying." Lady Bloomfield at this period gave a State ball, and the Queen said in public that "she was not sure she should go," to which the King replied "You must." On arriving at the Embassy Her Majesty's only remark to Lord Bloomfield was "Votre escalier est bien raide, milord," and after almost cutting her hosts through the evening, she "positively insisted upon the King leaving before supper, which His Majesty wished to stay for; but the Queen stood in her cloak at the top of the staircase, and sent three messages to the King, who at last, and very reluctantly, was obliged to give way." At Potsdam, where the Embassy dined on our Queen's birthday, "the Queen was evidently impatient to get dinner over, and more than once she tried to hurry the King, so that at last he got quite provoked. After dinner the King took Lord Bloomfield out on the terrace, and was just getting into conversation with him, when the Queen inquired what train they could return to Berlin by; being informed there was one at five o'clock, she said, 'We must go at once'; and she went up herself to the King, and told him he must dismiss us, evidently wishing to prevent any further conversation." Lady Bloomfield remained at Berlin for ten years after the marriage of the Princess Royal, whose eldest son had forty-two godfathers and godmothers, of all creeds, from the Emperor of Russia to the Emperor of Austria. In the last year of her residence Mr. Carlyle came to Berlin to procure materials for the Life of Frederick the Great. Lady Bloomfield asked him what he thought of Potsdam. "He said, in his broad Scotch, 'Well, I thought it a queer sort of an amphibious place, and that I had never seen Neptune coming out of duckweed before,' referring to one of the fountains. On the subject of his book he said:—'I shall have to sift through a very cartload of rubbish, and maybe I shall find the materials I require; if I do, I will write my book; and, if I don't, I hope God will give me grace to leave it alone.'" The author gives a striking account of the Russian Council of War, held under the presidency of the new Emperor, at which it was resolved to make peace. The Imperial Government was fearfully cheated during the Crimean war. Lady Bloomfield relates how a very large sum of money was charged for oxen for the use of the army, which, however, were never purchased. Presently a long bill was brought in for feeding these non-existent oxen. Finally, there was a charge for killing and salting them, and for cases for the carcasses; "first to last, the sum paid and pocketed by the officials was fabulous." The author gives a good reply of Archbishop Whately, who, on hearing a lady remark that the Bay of Dublin reminded her of Switzerland, rejoined, "Yes, ma'am; only in Switzerland there is no sea, and here there are no Alps." During the Queen's visit to Germany in 1860 she was accompanied by Lord John Russell, "the most cheery little man that ever was, and kept us all in roars of laughter in the railroad carriage." After the coronation at Königsberg Lord Clarendon told the Crown Prince that "he hoped the King (now Emperor of Germany) would not take tickets by the same railway which led Charles X. and Louis Philippe to the Waterloo Bridge terminus, and which, unfortunately, were not return tickets."

Lady Bloomfield, naturally enough, preferred Vienna as a residence to Berlin, and they remained there ten years. During the war of 1866 her sympathies were strongly with Austria; but she was in England all the summer enjoying a round of London society, especially the "amusing stories" of Bishop Wilberforce and the sermons of Dean Goulburn. The Bishop relates how at a dinner party a poor curate was deploring the large family he had to educate on a very small income—"Do you know, my lord, I have nineteen children?" Upon which a very red-faced woman with a squeaky voice exclaimed, "Only fourteen by me, Mr. Jones!" In May 1866 Lady Bloomfield called on Lady Palmerston, who "said she was much grieved at the turn affairs had taken since Lord Palmerston's death, and at all the Radical measures which the Government have brought forward, which are contrary to his opinions." Lady Palmerston might well be "grieved," seeing that in seven months Lord Russell and Mr. Gladstone contrived so completely to spend the great balance of popularity and prestige which they inherited from Lord Palmerston that they converted a majority of seventy into a minority. In 1867 Lady Bloomfield made a short tour through Italy with her husband, and the extracts from her journal during the expedition are very interesting. They also made several visits to Hungary and Bohemia during their stay at Vienna. She gives a striking account of Prince Metternich's escape from Vienna in 1848, as related by Count Rechberg.

The old proverb that half is often better than the whole is eminently applicable to most works of this description; but one cannot complain that Lady Bloomfield ever becomes tedious. Some of her husband's amiable, but not remarkable, letters might

perhaps have been omitted without loss; it is evident that during the war of 1866 he never saw an inch beyond the events of the day or the comments of the daily press. Lady Bloomfield, we should add, has an evident "fad" for ghost stories, not always worthy of the researches of the "Psychical Society." She has taken the trouble to collect a wonderful stock of mesmeric experiences, mysterious murders, startling coincidences, and second-sight legends, of which only the Russian can be pronounced original. On the whole, these agreeable volumes might easily have been of far greater value if she had kept a regular journal; but the interest of her unassuming narrative rarely flags, the style is simple, and the tone savours, without effort, of what Lord Beaconsfield would have called "high nobility." The book is easy reading, and is likely to enjoy a wide popularity. We cannot say much for the illustrations, which are often stuck in without obvious reference to the accompanying text. But we can honestly say that the author wins so much on the regard of her readers that many will regret that she did not add a portrait of herself.

#### CHRONOGRAMS.\*

AMONG the books which people collect and prize only on account of their rarity is Cheeke's *Anagrammata et Chrono-Anagrammata*, which is a little octavo volume printed in 1613, and probably never published. The author gave it away to his friends, and one of the few copies that have ever occurred for sale had an inscription mentioning that it was "ex dono auctoris." Hitherto Cheeke's book—Lowndes spells the name Cheke—has been the chief authority, or, to speak more correctly, the chief example, of a book on this subject. Mr. Hilton's great quarto, or large square octavo, volume contains 570 pages filled with chronograms, yet, according to his own avowal, it does not by any means exhaust the number in existence. Historical readers have a constant dread of them. They crop up in the most awkward places. You have a sort of feeling when you are looking for a date, and find only a chronogram, that it is something which will go off unexpectedly with a loud report. It is impossible to think of any more witless, pointless effort of literary ingenuity. That Mr. Hilton should have devoted time and trouble to make the immense collection before us only shows that there is no form or depth of human folly which may not excite an interest in some man's mind, and when we survey the work that he has accomplished, it is impossible to repress the feeling that penal servitude would be light in comparison. Great as is the result, Mr. Hilton has not exhausted the sources of supply, and we confess to a certain malice in offering him an example not in his book. It is so good a specimen of what a chronogram is, and what a nuisance it may prove, that we cannot do better than quote it whole. There is among the byways of literature a somewhat scarce Latin poem, written by a gentleman of whom we only know that his name is given in that tongue as "Venceslaus Clemens à Lybeo Monte," and that he was probably a Bohemian refugee. The poem, which consists of six cantos, contains some very fair verses in honour of England, and of London in particular, under the title of "*Trinobantados Augustæ, sive Londini*." At the foot of the title-page is the following chronogram:—

Ne CoLLVCtVr TrInobantlaDopoLltanI  
Intestablllv's soLLIClVdInlv's.

The large letters in the second word, if reckoned as Roman numerals, are CLVVCV, and equal, added together, 310. The next word similarly gives us IIDLII, equal to 554. The two words in the second line contain enough large letters to give us IILVLLICFVDIIV, which counts for 714. These sums added together make up 1636, the date of the volume, which is dedicated to Charles I. Can anything be more puerile?

Though most of the examples quoted by Mr. Hilton are very nearly the same in date as the above, he gives some of very recent construction, and we confess to a feeling of dread lest the thing should spread and become common. Nothing can be more likely unless it is nipped in the bud. We have hardly yet got rid of double acrostics. They linger still in the back pages of some of the "society papers." But chronograms are so much more foolish, so much more senseless, and so much easier to make and to guess, that there is every reason to fear an outbreak of them before long. Being forewarned by Mr. Hilton we ought to be forearmed. Could we persuade a few fashionable clergymen to denounce chronograms from the pulpit, or could we bring the first stray chronogram we meet at large before a magistrate, there would be some hope. Chronograms were frequently used for treasonable purposes. It might be possible to have them prohibited if we could convince Mr. Gladstone that they were aimed at the Clôture. By the way, ClotVre gives, chronogrammatized, the number 155. Is there no special significance in 155, nothing to make the blood run cold? The bad example set by Mr. Hilton on his last page, which, by the way, is beautifully printed in red and black, may be followed by unprincipled persons, and a new terror is added to life. "CoVrteoVs reader, I fInsh with this Chronogram; be the year It InVoLVes happy to Vs both; fareweLL." The wish comes a little late, but there is an unemployed I in it which, if rubricated, would make the year

\* Chronograms, 5000 and more in number, excerpted out of various authors and collected at many places. By James Hilton, F.S.A. London: Elliot Stock. 1882.

1882. The trouble of copying and counting is not very great, but it is great enough to make us glad that the Romans were satisfied not to imitate the Greeks in using every letter as a numeral. Mr. Hilton, although he has some Hebrew, Arabic, and Persian chronograms, for the most part avoids Greek, for which we thank him. The Hebrew chapter, for which he is indebted to that indefatigable scholar Dr. Ginsburg, is one of the most curious in the book, and one of the few which we could have wished longer. Some of the most ancient Scriptural manuscripts are dated with chronograms. Thus the very old "Codex Kennicott 89," which was written by Jacob Ha-Levi, has the subscription in the year "The Law," the Hebrew letters of which word give A.D. 1208. So, again, another old codex, known as "De Rossi 826," is dated with the words "The Redeemer for Ever," which give A.D. 1280. Chronograms are largely and commonly used by modern Arabic and Persian scribes, and on the tomb of the poet Yamini there is a verse from Hafiz:—

I haLL thee, haLL thee : Into gLory CoMe,

is translated by Mr. Bicknell, with much dexterity. The year of Hejira 1254 answers to our 1839. If anything could excuse a chronogram, the neat adaptation of a line or a couplet from Shakespeare, for instance, might commend itself. Nadir Shah's money was dated by a chronogram; and the well-known poem, *Lagh-o-Bahar*, which Mr. Eastwick translated into English, is dated by means of its title, which yields, in Arabic letters, the year of the Hejira 1217, or A.D. 1802. It therefore behoves Oriental scholars to take heed to these things, lest a hidden date should lurk in some unnoticed corner. Many of the mosques of Cairo have inscriptions of this kind, and there is reason to believe that some of them are still undeciphered. A very curious, and, according to Mr. Hilton, unique, chronogram is of Flemish origin. It is a short Latin poem, describing the destruction by fire of St. Mary's Church at Antwerp in 1533, the date being given by the initial letters of the fifteen lines of which it consists. That this example should be unique only shows how little has been the ingenuity exerted in composing this form of literary torture. The chronogram was greatly in vogue among the German Reformers, many, if not most, of whose tracts are thus dated; and among the Jesuit writers, to whose peculiar idiosyncrasy it especially commended itself. The Friars Preachers produced one great chronogrammatist, Andrea del Sobre, who published a book in 1686, of which Mr. Hilton gives an account. It is chiefly in Latin hexameter and pentameter verse, in sections of ten or twelve lines, comprising 1,690 different anagrams on the words "Salvator, Genetrix, Joseph," and the same number of chronograms. In addition there are acrostics, arrangements of letters in squares, and many other examples of misapplied labour, some of them extremely curious. The book is exceedingly rare. English chronograms are happily by no means so common as those in Latin; but George Wither, when the Dutch fleet threatened the Thames in the year of the Great Fire of London, made the following simple and appropriate arrangement of a sentence but too familiar among those who had witnessed the horrors of the Great Plague in the previous year:—

LorD haVe MerCie Vpon Vs.

Mr. Hilton will find another English chronogram in Batchiler's quaint and scarce memoir of Susanna Perwich, for the year of her death, 1661.

Mr. Hilton has produced a curious if not exactly an entertaining work. More than 5,100 chronograms are gathered within its pages. Some hundreds more, Mr. Hilton tells us, might have been added from books printed at Ghent alone, and he expresses his belief that a great many have still "to be collected from books latent on the shelves of great libraries, and from inscriptions in and about the churches and other public buildings, especially on the elaborately ornamented public fountains of small towns and villages on the Continent of Europe." Mr. Hilton, lamenting the work of destruction every year carried on by restorers and decorators, suggests that tourists should copy all they see, and he gives directions to facilitate their task. He has found it very difficult to classify the specimens he has collected; and, though a different arrangement might have been made, the careful index and other notes will enable the reader to find most of what he wants without difficulty. The volume opens with a chapter on "Chronograms in and concerning England." Next we have those composed on Marlborough's campaigns. Then come local chronograms, from Holland, Belgium, Germany, and France, with special headings regarding, for instance, Prague and St. John Nepomucen, the German monasteries, the Sacrament Robbery and Miracle at Brussels. Next is a bibliographical account of books with chronograms for date, title, or dedication, followed by the Jesuit series, the Reformers, Pageants, and Panegyrics, and the Hebrew and Oriental collection, already noticed. The appendix is very full, and, in fact, whatever an editor could do seems to have been done by Mr. Hilton to classify his specimens and render them available for the historical or literary student. In the preface there is a sketch of the rise and progress of the fashion of using these perversions of learning, from which we gather that there is no satisfactory proof of their use or composition in Europe prior to the middle of the fourteenth century. It is sometimes asserted that the Romans of the later period used them; but Mr. Hilton has failed to find any examples. They were not common on tombs or monumental inscriptions in England. The larger number are found in the dates and dedica-

tions of books, and they are alluded to by Richard Cambridge in the *Scribleriad*, who observes that

With rank irregular confus'd they stand,\*

The chieftains mingling with the vulgar band;

certainly an excellent description of the look of a chronogram. The coins of the free city of Nuremberg are dated in this way, and thousands of medals, English and foreign. When wit and ingenuity failed, a chronogram came readily to hand, to celebrate royal births, coronations, and deaths, and to mark such events as battles, sieges, treaties, and alliances. They abounded most in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and are noticed by Addison in his *Dialogues on Medals*, written at Vienna in 1702. "The laborious German wits," he remarks, "will turn over a whole dictionary for one of these ingenious devices; you would fancy, perhaps, that they were searching after an apt classical term; but, instead of that, they are looking out for a word with an M or a D in it." He also, in the *Spectator*, calls them "false wit"; and his account of those who made them will, we must hope, be laid to heart by people inclined in our own day to follow a silly example.

#### DR. GRIMSHAW'S SECRET.\*

MR. JULIAN HAWTHORNE has lately thought fit to publish what the title-page of the book describes as "a Romance by Nathaniel Hawthorne," but what is in reality a sketch, or rather a series of scarcely connected sketches or notes, for what the novelist might, had he pursued the idea, have turned into a romance. There is always on the face of the thing a certain question as to the desirableness, on various grounds, including that of taste, of publishing work of this kind after the worker's death; and Mr. Julian Hawthorne at the beginning of his preface makes some display of his knowledge of this fact. He is willing to admit that it is not always expedient to bring to light the posthumous work of great writers. "A man generally contrives to publish, during his lifetime, quite as much as the public has time or inclination to read; and his surviving friends are apt to show more zeal than discretion in dragging forth from his closed desk such undeveloped offspring of his mind as he himself had left to silence." "Therefore," the next sentence might, without any loss of reason or common sense, run on, "let us at once proceed to show more zeal than discretion." As a matter of fact, however, it does run on:—"Literature has never been redundant with authors who sincerely undervalue their own productions; and the sagacious critics who maintain that what of his own an author condemns must be doubly damnable are, to say the least of it, as often likely to be right as wrong. Beyond these general remarks, however," the writer of the preface continues, "it does not seem necessary to adopt an apologetic attitude. There is nothing in the present volume which any one possessed of brains and cultivation will not be thankful to read." It is kind of Mr. Julian Hawthorne to tell us this, since after reading a statement made with such authority we can have only one course to pursue. If we come upon any passage which we do not feel particularly thankful to read, because it seems to us either too sketchy or in other ways too unlike the work which we know and admire, then that is because we have not brains and cultivation; and, therefore, let us by all means conceal our unthankfulness. But if the particular instance of "dragging forth" hitherto unpublished matter "from a closed desk" were so completely beyond all need of apology, why should Mr. Julian Hawthorne have gone out of his way to apologize for the commission in general of an offence which it is his contention that he has not committed? However, the writer has a good deal more to tell us, and with an equal semblance of authority, about this fragment. "It can scarcely be pronounced deficient in either elaboration or profundity." To say of a work which was never strung together at all that it is not deficient in elaboration is perhaps a little rash, just as the previous suggestion that "the late development of our national literature has not perhaps so entirely exhausted our resources of admiration as to leave no welcome for even the less elaborate work of a contemporary of Dickens and Thackeray," is more than a little superfluous. The fact, which it is possible to ascertain without Mr. Julian Hawthorne's help, of Hawthorne's having lived in the same age with Dickens and Thackeray has of course nothing to do with the value of his work, finished or unfinished. Perhaps the preface-writer means that Hawthorne's work placed him in the front rank of novelists; and that, too, is a fact which many people have found out without Mr. Julian Hawthorne's help. It may be noticed that in one sentence the writer speaks of the sketches for a novel as Hawthorne's "less elaborate work," and in the next says that they are not "deficient in elaboration." As to the notes or studies (as apart from the fragments which make up this volume), written by Hawthorne for the unfinished romance, they "would of themselves make a small volume." Of these notes there may be something more to say. Meanwhile let us learn from Mr. Julian Hawthorne that "the penetration, the subtlety, the tenacity; the stubborn gripe which he lays upon his subject, like that of Hercules upon the slippery Old Man of the Sea; the clear and cool common sense, controlling the audacity of a rich and

\* *Dr. Grimshaw's Secret: a Romance.* By Nathaniel Hawthorne. Edited, with Preface and Notes, by Julian Hawthorne. London: Longmans. 1883.

ardent imagination; the humorous gibes and strange expletives wherewith he ridicules, to himself, his own failure to reach his goal; the immense patience with which—again, and again, and yet again—he ‘tries back,’ throwing the topic into fresh attitudes and searching it to the marrow with a gaze so piercing as to be terrible [this is a strangely mixed metaphor, which might be fitly applied, if to anything, to a jointed lay figure];—all this gives one an impression of power, of resource, of energy, of mastery, that exhilarates the reader.”

From all this talk one might conclude that Hawthorne was the only great writer who ever made notes for his stories or varied their plan as he wrote them, and that exhilaration is to be got rather from unfinished and disconnected bits than from a complete story of his writing; yet we doubt if this is actually the case. Mr. Julian Hawthorne, however, is not content with adding his testimony in this burst of eloquence to that of the numberless admirers of the great Hawthorne's work. He has further a withering sarcasm to bestow upon “some person or persons unknown.” It has occurred to him “that these undress rehearsals of the author of *The Scarlet Letter* might afford entertaining, and even profitable, reading to the later generation of novelettists [does not this generation include Mr. Julian Hawthorne?] whose pleasant fortune it is to charm one another and the public. It would appear that this author, in his prefatory work at least, has ventured in some manner to disregard the modern canons which debar writers from betraying towards their creations any warmer feeling than a cultured and critical indifference; nor was his interest in human nature such as to confine him to the dilettante dissection of the moral epidermis of shop-girls and hotel-boarders.” At what persons, English or American—the preface is dated New York—these biting words are aimed is not obvious. Nor, perhaps, does it much matter. What Mr. Julian Hawthorne says about the “elaboration” of this “less elaborate” work of Hawthorne's has been quoted. Later on he tells us that “the story, as a story, is complete as it stands; it has a beginning, a middle, and an end. There is no break in the narrative, and the legitimate conclusion is reached.” No doubt it has, in one sense, “a beginning, a middle, and an end.” But the statements that it is complete as a story, and that there is no break in the narrative, may possibly startle some people who read both the preface and what there is of the story. “Beyond a doubt,” the editor tells us, “it was the author's purpose to rewrite the entire work from the first page to the last, enlarging it, deepening it, adorning it with every kind of spiritual and physical beauty, and rounding out a moral worthy of the noble material”; and this passage may instructively be noted in connexion with the opening passages of the preface. At the end of the preface Mr. Julian Hawthorne repeats his statement that the work is complete. It came into his hands, he tells us, in the ordinary course of events, about eight years ago, was packed up and not read through until last summer. “I then finished the perusal of it, and, finding it to be practically complete, I resolved to print it in connexion with a biography of Mr. Hawthorne which I had in preparation. But, upon further consideration, it was decided to publish the Romance separately, and I herewith present it to the public, with my best wishes for their edification.”

Thus much for the preface. As to the notes and studies, to which some reference has been made, there are two passages concerning them in the appendix which are perhaps remarkable enough. It may be well in reading them to note that Mr. Julian Hawthorne has more than once in the preface stated, as a fact rather than as an opinion, that the story is complete as a story. A note on Chapter XXIII. runs thus:—“In a study of the plot, too long to insert here, this new character of the steward is introduced and described. It must suffice to say in this place”—and the annotator proceeds to tell various circumstances, which evidently would have had a great deal to do with the plot had the plot ever been finished, concerning the steward. None of these circumstances could be more than dimly guessed at from the text of the story as it stands. “Possibly what the steward's mission in life was,” we are told, “will appear hereafter”; and then follows this strangely significant sentence:—“The study above alluded to, with others amounting to about a hundred pages, will be published as a supplement to a future edition of this work.” Again, a note on the last chapter partly, but only partly, explains certain circumstances without a knowledge of which the whole thing reads like a bewildering and purposeless dream; and then again follows, as on the previous page, a significant sentence:—“This, and various other dusky points, are partly elucidated in the notes hereafter to be appended to this volume.” It is, we feel assured, needless to comment upon the method which Mr. Julian Hawthorne has thought fit to adopt of dealing with these “notes” and “studies.”

Of the book itself, or rather of what there is of the book, there is not very much to be said, except that in parts it is exactly what a student and admirer of Hawthorne might hope and expect to find, and that in other parts it is singularly unlike what such a person might hope to find. What Dr. Grimshawe's secret was is not really explained, any more than the constant breaks and divergencies in the narrative—if narrative it can be called—are really filled up or made intelligible. In short, we must repeat that we cannot agree with Mr. Julian Hawthorne in considering the thing as anything but a fragment. To take one instance. Much is made in the early chapters of the grim Doctor's favourite pet, the weird huge spider of rare and venomous species; and it is

obvious that his theories, dimly shadowed forth, about spiders in general, and more especially the existence of this spider in particular, are destined to play in the story the part of such a mysterious, baleful influence as Hawthorne loved to deal with. Yet nothing comes of it, or, to be accurate, worse than nothing comes of it. Here is the description of the spider (which is preceded by a description of the numerous other mysterious spiders—“what they fed upon was a secret”—) in the first chapter:—

All the above description, exaggerated as it may seem, is merely preliminary to the introduction of one single enormous spider—the biggest and ugliest ever seen, the pride of the grim Doctor's heart, his treasure, his glory, the pearl of his soul, and, as many people said, the demon to whom he had sold his salvation, on condition of possessing the web of the foul creature for a certain number of years. The grim Doctor, according to this theory, was but a great fly which this spider had subtly entangled in his web. But, in truth, naturalists are acquainted with this spider, though it is a rare one; the British Museum has a specimen and, doubtless, so have many other scientific institutions. It is found in South America; its most hideous spread of legs covers a space nearly as large as a dinner-plate, and radiates from a body as big as a door-knob, which one conceives to be an agglomeration of sucked-up poison which the creature treasures through life—probably to expend it all, and life itself, on some worthy foe. Its colours, variegated in a sort of ugly and inauspicious splendour, were distributed over its vast bulb in great spots, some of which glistened like gems. It was a horror to think of this thing living; still more horrible to think of the foul catastrophe, the crushed-out and wasted poison, that would follow the casual setting foot on it.

Now it is, as we have said, clear enough from this passage, which has in it the true ring of Hawthorne's style in dealing with such a business, as from other hints, that the great spider was to be a decided influence in the story, and that we were to hear a good deal more of him, to say nothing of the Doctor's other spiders, and his care for and use of them. All that does come of the big spider is that he, or another spider who is his venomous image, turns up in the English country house to which Redclyffe (a little boy in the opening) goes in after-life, and to which he either is or is not—it is not clear to us which—the true heir. This is what we hear of him. The priest—the owner of the house is a Roman Catholic—who shows Redclyffe the library, says:—“I felt a strange disposition to crush this monster at first; a feeling that in so doing I should get rid of a mischief; but then he is such a curious monster. You cannot look at him long without coming to the conclusion that he is indestructible.” Yes; and to think of crushing such a deep-bowelled monster,” said Redclyffe, shuddering. “It is too great a catastrophe.” That is all we hear of the spider; but it is curious to compare the two passages—the weakened and coarsened repetition, “to think of crushing such a deep-bowelled monster. It is too great a catastrophe,” with the weird and fateful first passage. “It was a horror to think of this thing living; still more horrible to think of the foul catastrophe . . . that would follow the casual setting foot on it.” Equally curious in its way is the fact that the repetition is made, and that then the spider disappears for ever, leaving the story, or bit of a story, to end, as we have said, in a sort of bewildering dream. This is only one instance—in some ways the most striking one—out of many, as regards the inconsistencies, the haltings, the disappointments, of what is put forward as a complete story. To go through many of them is a task which may be spared. The publication of *Dr. Grimshawe's Secret*, though it contains detached passages which are full of Hawthorne's thought and style, cannot add to Hawthorne's reputation. Fortunately that reputation stands so high, and is so firmly established, that it would take a very great deal to injure it.

#### TIDY'S LEGAL MEDICINE.\*

MEDICAL men have a great dislike to entering the witness-box. With the exception of a few who practise as experts, all ranks of the profession avoid it if they can, and it is notorious that many of the leading members often decline to give their services in cases which may involve their appearance before a legal tribunal. The reasons for this dislike are very obvious. The evidence which medical men are called on to give is generally associated with the dark and brutal side of human nature, and is as shocking and repulsive to their feelings as it is to those of other persons of equal culture and refinement. A technical knowledge of the details of forensic medicine does not harden their hearts, nor are they sufficiently familiar with their application to learn to treat them with contempt. The gravity, moreover, of the evidence, both as to facts and opinions, given by medical witnesses, or elicited by cross-examination, is not underrated by them. To feel conscious that the liberty or imprisonment, or even the life or death, of a person may depend, and often does depend, more on their evidence than on that of other witnesses, cannot be without a deterring influence on men whose daily experience convinces them of the frequent fallacy of their opinions of a similar nature but of less serious import.

Lawyers are wont to say that medical men are the worst witnesses they are brought in contact with; and although the statement is exaggerated, it contains a certain amount of truth. They complain that medical men do not give their evidence as to the facts which they have observed, or express their opinions as to the significance of such facts, with the lucidity and freedom which might fairly be expected from educated intelligen-

\* *Legal Medicine.* Part I. By Charles Meymott Tidy, M.B., F.C.S. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1882.

persons. But, apart from dislike to the position in which he is placed, the medical man knows it is one in which he has nothing to gain, but may lose much, in professional reputation by an apparent or real display of ignorance under a severe cross-examination. A glance at the pages of Dr. Tidy's volume will show how necessary it is to be cautious in answering what seem to be the simplest and most commonplace questions. Thus, on the question of the relative size of an impression to that of the foot or shoe which produced it, there would seem to ordinary persons only one opinion; and yet there are three. Muscar, of Belgium, we are told, contends that foot-prints are generally smaller, and Caussé that they are generally larger, than the foot producing them, while some other persons not named are of opinion that they always correspond in size with the foot or shoe which produces them. Dr. Tidy thinks it necessary to devote three octavo pages of his work to a discussion of the pros and cons of this subject, and concludes by agreeing with all of them. Again, to take a more strictly medical question, such as the order in which muscular rigidity supervenes after death, Dr. Tidy quotes a troop of authorities going as far back as 1811, and winds up his review by agreeing with only one of them. It is obvious that, if simple questions of this kind afford so many opportunities for troublesome cross-examination, and if the specialists who write on them and profess to instruct others have not the courage to weed out exploded opinions, it is not easy for the ordinary medical witness to speak confidently on them, and hence much of the hesitation and apparent ignorance they display. Moreover, the fault is not all on the side of the witness, and Dr. Tidy speaks very justly when he says:—"It is difficult enough at times to answer a scientific question framed with scientific precision; but it is often well-nigh hopeless to answer scientific questions asked with the want of precision of the unsentimental counsel."

There can be no doubt, however, that medical men are often grossly ignorant of their duties as witnesses in medico-legal cases. They do not distinguish sufficiently between a statement of facts, which they are obliged to give to the best of their knowledge, and the expression of opinions—often to the extent of usurping the functions of the jury—which they need not express at all, unless, indeed, they are present in the capacity of experts. No counsel can insist on the expression of an opinion if the medical witness chooses to withhold it; and no subpoena can compel the attendance of a medical man merely to give an opinion, either on facts known to himself or vouched for by others—a condition of the law which is too often forgotten by the counsel and the public, as well as the medical witness. The introductory chapter of the book before us contains much useful information on this and other details relative to evidence, and we commend it to the serious study of medical men. We would call the attention of young practitioners fresh from their studies especially to the paragraphs on the use of technical terms in the witness-box rather than their plain English equivalents. This kind of medical dandyism is intolerable both in court and out of it, and we think it would be a useful addition to the work if the author were to add a glossary of the objectionable words and their meanings, or, what would be still better, omit them from his own text, where, in spite of his denunciations, they are far too freely employed. As an expert himself, the author has much to say in defence of expert evidence, and we quite agree with him when he says that it is not just or fair that lawyers should represent the opinions of experts as of no value, merely because differences of opinion exist among scientific authorities. Lawyers would scarcely be prepared to admit that legal decisions are worthless because three judges unanimously on an appeal decide a case in favour of the defendant; while three other judges in an inferior court had as unanimously decided in favour of the plaintiff—e.g. *Julius v. the Bishop of Oxford*.

*Legal Medicine* is an ambitious work, compiled and edited, rather than written, by Dr. Tidy. In the preface he acknowledges his indebtedness to the manuscript notes left to his care by the late Dr. Letheby, and every page shows how much he has borrowed from the standard works of Taylor, Ogston, and others. The volume before us, consisting of upwards of six hundred pages, forms Part I., and, judging from its contents, it is but a small portion of the whole work. We have no intimation when other parts are to be looked for or when the whole work will be completed; and, seeing that some of the articles included in this volume—notably the one on combustibles and explosives—are on subjects not usually included in works on medical jurisprudence, we do not know what liberty the writer may give himself as to the materials he will introduce into his future volumes. The book is more of the character of an encyclopedia than a treatise on one branch of medical knowledge, and is too wide in its scope for one hand, and that by his own confession a busy one, to undertake. It is very doubtful if busy men are justified in undertaking large works of this kind, or whether we should accept their excuses for any shortcomings, or for delay in their completion. With many books this objection would be of less weight, because we may read them or not without much inconvenience or loss to ourselves or others. But Dr. Tidy's book may be brought into court at any moment by some cavilling barrister, and thus be imposed on the medical profession whether they approve of it or not. There is another objection to this work on the same grounds for which the publishers are responsible. It is got up in the expensive form of an *édition de luxe*, as if it were intended for the drawing-room table, instead of the top shelf or the locked closet of the medical man's study. The simple garb of a law-book would better suit a work of this kind, and would be its

strongest recommendation to the many poor men who may be compelled to purchase it.

The subjects treated of in this part are:—Evidence, the signs of death, identity, the causes of death, *post-mortem* examination, sex, expectation of life, presumption of death and survivorship, the effects of heat, cold, lightning and explosives, and starvation. As might be expected, the articles are of very unequal merit, some of them being full and up to date in their information, while others are meagre and antiquated. A new feature of the work is the separation of the illustrative cases from the text, and their collection at the end of each chapter. The idea is a good one, if it had been well carried out. The cases are referred to by numbers, and not by the page; and, as the chapter and the cases belonging to them have different headings, the cross reference is difficult and troublesome. The cases are well and concisely given, and are as far as possible shorn of all sensational matter; but they are headed by the authority from whom they are taken, or the short legal title, instead of by a short heading indicating the contents of the paragraph or the point to be illustrated. There is a most excellent index to the volume; but it is divided into an index to the text and an index to the cases, and unnecessary trouble is given in bringing the observations of the author and other authorities and the illustrative cases together, and learning all that is to be known on the subject.

Dr. Tidy is a chemist, and the articles in which his special knowledge is displayed are generally well and clearly written. We are surprised, however, to find him stating, in face of the evidence given in the Lamson case, and which is still fresh in everybody's memory, that "putrefaction in many cases helps, rather than interferes with, the toxicologist in his search for poisons." He refers, no doubt, to mineral poisons, as many vegetable poisons are destroyed, and new alkaloid bodies of a poisonous nature are produced, by the putrefaction of animal matter. He points out that the movements and the changes in the appearance of dead bodies, such as the turning of the body in the coffin, flushing of the face, the disgorge of the contents of the stomach, and even the *post-mortem* birth of children, which have given rise to popular erroneous beliefs relative to the premature burial of the dead, are all attributable to the disengagement of gases during the early stages of decomposition.

The article on personal identity is very antiquated. The author seems to have no acquaintance with the recent investigations of anthropologists into the physical differences of individuals and of the various races of men, and the methods they employ. On the subject of stature he has no later evidence to give on the size of the fetus than the table published by Sue in 1755! and, in spite of the extensive inquiries made in this country and America during the past ten years on the stature of children and adults, he relies on Quetelet's tables, which have been shown to be erroneous in many important particulars, and not applicable to our Anglo-American race. Again, in the article on the causes of death, Dr. Tidy adopts, "for want of a better, the old classification of Bichet," published in 1800, ignoring altogether the researches of Dr. Hilton Fagge and others. It is true that much remains to be discovered relative to the manner in which death takes place under different vital and physical conditions, and physiologists interested in the subject might probably obtain some help from a careful study of Dr. Tidy's article on the signs of death, and, by endeavouring to read the subject backwards, obtain a new view of it. In addition to the forms of death attributed to the failure of one or more of the functions of what has been called the tripod of life—the head, the heart, and the lungs—it is probable that there is another, attributable to the failure of the muscles from excessive fatigue. It is well known that fatigue, especially when combined with a low temperature, promotes rigidity of the muscles, and it is probable that the deaths of persons lost in snowstorms, by sudden immersion in cold water while hot and fatigued with skating, and from some Alpine accidents, are entirely due to this mode of death; and it is not improbable that some Alpine accidents have been caused by the sudden death of one of the party rather than by bad mountaineering. It is known, moreover, that rapid breathing of pure air is a powerful anæsthetic, and it has been used by surgeons for the reduction of dislocations of the joints. This anæsthesia and the mental excitement of overcoming physical difficulties might well prevent a man from being conscious of muscular fatigue, and carry him beyond the limits of his endurance. The subject is one of more importance to the healthy than to the sick, to the public than to the medical profession; and we venture, therefore, to give an extract from Dr. Tidy's observations in support of the theory:—

It has been commonly observed that where immediate rigidity has occurred the period just preceding death has been one of great fatigue and physical exhaustion. . . . In the appearance presented by the dead on the battlefield it has been stated that the life-like stiffness is observed in those killed at the end, and but rarely in those at the beginning, of the fight. After death from drowning, especially in skating accidents, where there has been much fatigue, the last attitude of life has been preserved.

Dr. Guy has observed that rigidity of the eyelids sometimes occurs before the heart has ceased to beat, and Dr. Brown-Séquard records a case where rigidity commenced while the heart was still beating. "Facts show," says Dr. Tidy, "that the living contraction of the muscles may pass at once into post-mortem rigidity, the stage of muscular flaccidity (which usually intervenes) being practically non-existent."

*Legal Medicine* will be useful as a book of reference for those who have plenty of time to study it, and, as far as it goes, it is

quite complete. We may fairly look forward to the future volumes—and especially to those which treat of poisoning—with confidence from Dr. Tidy's reputation as a chemist and analyst; but we do not expect that the work, when complete, will altogether supersede the well-known standard works on Forensic Medicine. Legal medicine is the *pons asinorum* of the medical student and the *bête noire* of the medical practitioner; and what is wanted is, not a large book containing all that has been and can be said on medico-legal questions, but a small one from a master-hand who has examined all the subjects, and has the courage to record the results of his own observations, irrespectively of other authorities, be they great or small, old or new.

#### A SOLDIER'S LIFE AND WORK IN SOUTH AFRICA.\*

IT is only fair to warn all intending readers of *A Soldier's Life and Work* that it is the production of a man with a grievance, and a bitter grievance. Colonel Edward Durnford really writes, not only to vindicate the memory of a beloved brother, but to redress, so far as his arguments and explanations can do it, the injury which, as he considers, that brother has sustained from detractors. We are far from saying that the author has been carried much beyond the facts by his feelings; and, indeed, we had already arrived at conclusions very similar to his. But the fact remains that the full half of a bulky volume is devoted to matters of intricate controversy, turning on technical details and conflicting evidence; and that Colonel Durnford pleads his case so conscientiously that over and over again he covers almost identical ground. In the circumstances, we can hardly predict for the book the popularity that will send it on to a second edition; but, if that should happen, we would strongly recommend the author to suppress the bulk of argumentative matter which hangs so heavily on the narrative. He might put his brother's case to more practical purpose did he condense it in a score or two of pregnant pages, with references, if necessary, to documents which might be relegated to an appendix. The plan we suggest would be so far preferable that all he might write would be probably read, instead of being skimmed, or possibly skipped. As it is, however, we hasten to add that there is much in his volume of very great interest, and the narrative of the late Colonel Durnford's experiences as apart from his wrongs is often exceedingly entertaining reading. It is true that, in presence of more immediately exciting events elsewhere, we have been lately concerning ourselves little about South African politics. The incidents of the Zulu war, and of the campaigns against less formidable tribes which preceded it, have almost become ancient history; and, moreover, an infinity of books have been already written on these subjects by military men and War Correspondents as well as by literary "travelling gentlemen." Nevertheless there must be a certain novelty and freshness in any stories in which Durnford is the central figure, for he played a conspicuous and almost aggressively independent part, and he was a model soldier of the chivalrous type. Nor do we know that we have lost much by the disappearance after his death of his diaries and papers, which his brother not unnaturally deprecates. One of the most indefatigably active of men, the late Colonel Anthony Durnford was as indefatigable a writer; and, had his biographer had more ample materials at his disposal, it is difficult to say to what proportions the memoir might not have swelled. We have reason to be content with the copious private correspondence which apparently embraces a systematic chronological report of all his deeds and thoughts, his opinions and his motives. In short, his letters form a perfect self-revelation, showing us the writer precisely as he was, while they abound in picturesque details of his travelling and campaigning in the interior.

The man, as we say, stands self-revealed, and it should be easy to read his character. He seems born to have been an adventurer of the highest class, using the expression of adventurer in its best sense. He had much in common with such emissaries of civilization as Rajah Brooke of Sarawak, or his friend "Chinese Gordon," who tended him through a dangerous illness. He had a rare gift of winning the affections of natives, and of asserting almost autocratic ascendancy over savages unaccustomed to control. Those who impeached his discretion never dared to dispute his courage; he carried his bravery to almost foolhardy lengths, and he never was so cheerful as when in the thick of dangers. His energies rose with the urgent calls upon them, and he could triumph for a time over the pain or disease that would have crushed the spirit of ordinary men. Nor did his generosity fall short of his gallantry; and, while simple to frugality in his personal habits, he was the most hospitable and kindly of men. So far we seem to have painted an ideal hero; and yet all we have said has been founded upon actual incidents, or upon the general tenor of an active and self-denying existence. But, on the other hand, we fancy we recognize those failings or weaknesses which went far towards marring his career, and made him a man whom it must often have been difficult to deal with. He found it easier to command than to obey, and he had an overweening belief in the soundness of his own judgment. Far more frequently than not his views may have been right, for he was possessed of no ordinary pene-

tration and intelligence. But, reading between the lines of the letters to his family, we can conceive that he may have pressed his ideas too uncompromisingly upon those who, after all, had the responsibility of delicate and important operations. Where he thought he was in the right, and where the interests of others were not involved, he appears almost to have taken pleasure in picturing himself as the victim of neglect or injustice. He was by no means a social man, nor what we should call a good companion, unless with the very exceptional few to whom his sympathies chanced to attract him. And we know how much the amenities of friendly social intercourse may do to smooth away differences that might grow into quarrels. Finally, there can be no manner of doubt that Durnford was an enthusiast by temperament, and very possibly so high-minded an enthusiast was out of place among the difficulties that were embarrassing South African administration. The facts that the Bishop of Natal was his most intimate friend, and that the episcopal residence at Bishopstown was his favourite resort, are sufficient to indicate the very decided line he took as to our dealings with the Zulus and other natives. We should be sorry to have to defend the colonial policy. There can be no question that certain native tribes whom Durnford chivalrously took under his protection and saw righted had been hardly and even cruelly treated. Lord Carnarvon, then Foreign Secretary, asserted as much when he decided that some of them should receive pecuniary compensation for their wrongs. But, we were almost going to say, Durnford seems to have believed that each one of the black chiefs must necessarily have been in the right. We hear of his confidently predicting peace, founding his opinion on "his knowledge of the good feeling and peaceful intentions of the various native tribes, including the Zulus and Kafirs"; which seems, to say the least of it, a sweeping assertion to be made by an officer on duty in Natal, on the caprices and ambitions of the Cetewayos or Langalibaleles. We know something of the barbarous policy which had been built up beyond the Tugela by Moselikatshe and Dingaan, the savage predecessors of the late visitor to London; of the compulsory military celibacy, the wholesale executions, the sanguinary religious rites, and the periodical "spear-washings." But were we to follow Colonel Durnford on that subject, in the silence that is sometimes almost as suggestive as his speech, we should be inclined to picture the Zulu warriors as a peaceful pastoral tribe who might possibly turn if persistently trodden upon. Once he refers contemptuously to "yarns" in the papers as to atrocities committed in Zululand. And he goes on to add that these yarns were probably got up by the white traders who concoct "sells" for the press over their nightly pipes and grog. But we have said enough to show that, although his courage was beyond proof, and though his conduct as a guerilla leader of native levies was admirable, his judgment was hardly to be relied upon in circumstances where judgment must often have governed strategy.

It is pleasant to turn to some of the personal anecdotes which explain the affection in which Colonel Durnford was held by his intimates, and the devotion with which his native followers regarded him. He had distinguished himself when a mere youth by an act of characteristic daring. He happened to be on the Scotch coast during a violent gale when one of the small craft had come to grief among the breakers. The boldest fishermen hung back, when the young soldier threw himself into a boat, and manned it for a successful rescue by his animating words and example. He exhibited similar heroism, and sublime endurance as well, in the discreditable and disastrous affair with Langalibalele's people at the Bushman's Pass in the Drakensberg. An unlucky slip over a precipice had dislocated his shoulder, crushed two of his ribs, and otherwise injured him terribly. So severe, indeed, were the injuries that he never recovered the use of his arm. Notwithstanding, when he came to himself, he insisted on being carried at the head of his column, though he had to be dragged with intense bodily sufferings over cliffs which he would have found it difficult to climb on foot. We are told that it took three hours to get him over places which he ascended in fifteen minutes nine months afterwards. Yet that effort of manly resolution was comparatively little to what followed. Crippled as he was upon the plateau, on the following day he directed the operations with unclouded intelligence. He kept the saddle through the protracted skirmishing, engaging the enemy hand to hand, and covering with his person the fugitives whom he had in vain endeavoured to rally; he was wounded again, without being conscious of it, till he found the blood running down his jacket-sleeve into his hand; and, when his native interpreter had fallen by his side, he was left the last man upon the field. If anything could have consoled him for the flight of the colonial volunteers, it would have been the constancy shown by his Basutos and their chiefs, who rallied to him, half-armed as they were, though they might well have been demoralized by the desertion of their white comrades. Durnford writes:—"When I had got my white command at last together, after a fourteen-mile gallop, I abused them till I choked with tears, and I'm not a bit ashamed of it. Had it not been for my gallant little band of Basutos, all would have been cut off." We cannot go into the vexed question as to whether or how far he was responsible for the disastrous affair of Isandhlwana. We may be sure, at all events, that he died like a gallant soldier; and, judging from the disposition of the bodies as they were found on the battlefield, it appears to be certain that there again he had been gathering the bravest around him to cover the retreat. We shall only say something in conclusion, as proof of his genuine kindness and winning qualities, of the relations in which he lived with some

\* *A Soldier's Life and Work in South Africa—1872 to 1879. A Memoir of the late Colonel A. W. Durnford, R.E.* Edited by his Brother, Lieutenant-Colonel E. Durnford. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1882.

of his pet animals. A powerful and very handsome dog, which had been for long his inseparable friend and companion, was poisoned, as it was believed, by some malicious scoundrels when his unpopularity with the colonists was at its height, after he had spoken his mind about the flight from the Drakensberg passes. "Prince" was replaced by a wild Kafir cur, found at that time as a puppy, abandoned among the Drakensberg rocks. Though petted by the soldiers, the little savage would attach itself to no white man except Durnford; and him it would dog when out of doors "in a strange, stealthy way, slipping down from the camp to follow him about the town, peeping round corners to make sure of his presence, but never induced by any encouragement to enter a house." He had a cat, too, likewise reclaimed from barbarism, which he had succeeded in thoroughly domesticating. When he left the colony for a time the cat left his house, though she had been recommended to the kind offices of Durnford's tenant. She rejected all the benevolent civilities of the new comer, and disappeared. Ten months later Durnford came back; when his cat promptly turned up in their old quarters, and, after giving a warm greeting to her former protector, went out, and returned again to establish herself permanently with a family of tiny kittens. Oddly enough, the poor cat died suddenly two days before her master started for his last fatal expedition. His note on her death is infinitely touching in the circumstances. "My old cat is dead," he wrote on that day, "and I'm glad of it, for who would be kind to her when I am gone?"

#### HANDBOOKS OF ENGLISH CHURCH HISTORY.\*

WE have no longer any need to complain of a lack of handbooks of English ecclesiastical history treating of the Church of England as a continuous society from the days of St. Augustine to our own generation. "The cry is still, They come"; and the critic is more likely to be disturbed by the crowd than by the paucity of books of this class. Canon Perry has given us the best and most thorough work in this direction. We presume that his later volume, which deals with the history of the English Church from the planting of the Church in Britain to the accession of Henry VIII. completes his *Student's English Church History*, although perhaps the thin and hasty summary of "religious affairs during the remainder of the eighteenth century," which he has tacked to the end of his earlier volume, may seem as unsatisfactory to himself as it seems to us, and he may add a "Third Period," including the silencing of Convocation in the reign of George I. and the passing of the Public Worship Regulation Act. Mr. Jennings has embraced the whole of these three periods in one small volume. Hence his work has a just claim, in respect of size and scope, to the title of a "handbook," and it is likely to be far more acceptable than the diffuse and laborious volumes of Canon Perry to the impatient person whom he calls "an examinee." Whether it is defensible, from a literary or a theological point of view, to compile a "history" for a young gentleman who does not refuse to be an "examinee" but who refuses to take upon himself the harder obligation of being a "student," is a question upon which Mr. Jennings and ourselves hold very contrary views. He tells us that he began his work with the aim of providing for "the wants of candidates for theological examinations at Cambridge and elsewhere." No existing "handy volumes," he contends, met their case. Some were sectarian, and failed to present the English Church as a whole, since they made the Reformation to be her birthtime; others, although correct on this point, were written so diffusely that the ordinary modern student, who has to devote a large portion of his days to boating, lawn-tennis, at homes, balls, and cricket, to say nothing of other studies, could not be naturally expected to find time to thread his way through a labyrinth of details concerning matters of which he will first discover the full importance when he becomes a clergyman or an active citizen. He will then begin to wish that he had not had so easy a taskmaster. It is only just to Mr. Jennings to say that he modestly confesses the faulty and ephemeral character of his own work.

In the first 135 pages of the *Ecclesia Anglicana*, and throughout the whole of Canon Perry's volume, the student or "examinee" is led over the same ground. Neither of these guides could walk as firmly and securely as he does had not the road been so firmly laid for all future travellers by Mr. Freeman and by Canon Stubbs and the late Mr. Haddan. We owe it to them no doubt that Mr. Jennings does not confound the Church of England with the older British Church, nor trace back English Christianity, after the older fashion of Usher and Stillingfleet, to St. Joseph of Arimathea, or even to St. Paul, in order to show that the Church of England is quite as ancient and quite as apostolic in her origin as the Church of Rome. Hence Mr. Jennings gives his "examinee" a short preliminary chapter on "The Church of the Celts," and Canon Perry provides the student with a similar chapter on "Traces of the History of the Early British Church." Mr. Jennings has made somewhat free use, or rather misuse, of a fact to which attention was first called in these columns—namely, that the unhistorical

confusion of the British and English Churches was not a product of the anti-Papal controversy subsequent to the Reformation, but was insisted upon by the deputies of the English Church at the great Council of Constance, in order to assert their right of equality with the deputies of the French Church. Mr. Jennings, however, transfers this curious dispute between the English and French from Constance to Basel. He gratuitously adds that it "was keenly discussed at other fifteenth-century Councils," and that the story of the mission of St. Joseph of Arimathea to Britain "was accepted as a proof of the greater antiquity of the English Church." The author gives the "examinee" no proof whatever of either of these assertions. The English really conceded at Constance that the French Church as well as their own Church was of apostolical origin, because St. Dionysius the Areopagite had been an apostle in Gaul; but they contended that the English Church had two great advantages over the French. First, Constantine the Great, to whom the Roman Church owed so much, was a native of "England"; secondly, the English Church had been constantly submissive to the Roman Church, and had never been guilty of any schism, whereas the French Church had been continually fractious toward Rome. It is not true, as Mr. Jennings solemnly informs his "examinee," that "precedence" was given to the English Church at Basel and other fifteenth-century Councils on account of its greater antiquity. What the Council of Constance, not the Council of Basel, really granted was that the English should constitute a distinct "Nation," or National Church, in the federal parliaments of Western Christendom, instead of being treated, as the French and Spanish had demanded they should be treated, as a mere portion of the German Nation. The confident assertion of Mr. Jennings that the strife for ecclesiastical and national precedence between the English and French took place at the Council of Basel is a wild guess, which reveals the thinness of his researches. It was at the Council of Constance. The voting by Nations was deliberately rejected at Basel, and the constitution of that Council became purely democratic. Æneas Sylvius, afterwards Pope Pius II., asserted that even *coqui et stabularii* took part in the voting, "orbis negotia judicantes"; that the episcopal vote was swamped by the vote of the "plebeian multitude"; and that the votes of that great Congregation were estimated, "non ratione, sed numero." But there is something which is still more damaging for the hasty and unfounded statement of Mr. Jennings. It happens that the English Church took hardly any part in the earlier sessions of the great ecclesiastical parliament at Basel, and took no part whatever in its later sessions; nearly all the deputies were German or French, who found it easy to get to the Swiss city on the Rhine. When the Council of Basel deposed Pope Eugenius IV., and elected Amadeus of Savoy, Felix V., as Antipope, England was totally unrepresented in the oecumenical synods of the West; its title to be "a Nation" was denied; the number of "Nations of Christendom" had been reduced to the original four, as decreed a century earlier by Pope Benedict XII.—Italy, France, Spain, and Germany. If any luckless examinee, when he is passing through "the ordeal" for which the author undertakes to prepare him, should be so confiding as to state the surmises of Mr. Jennings as facts, we sincerely hope that the examiner will ask for a list of the "other fifteenth-century Councils" where the question of precedence between the representatives of the French and English Churches was keenly discussed. We hope that he will also ask for the evidence that French and English theologians were sitting side by side in peace at Basel during the very years in which the French and English soldiery, including not a few theologians by office, were contending in arms for the rival claims of the English Henry VI. and the French Charles VII. to reign in France.

As we came upon this utterly baseless but very confident statement of Mr. Jennings in the very beginning of his History, at its fifth page, our confidence was shaken from the first in whatever he might have to say in the remaining five hundred pages. We find everywhere similar proofs of hurry, recklessness, guess, and want of real study of the original sources. Mr. Jennings tells the examinee that "one of the most active of the Triers was a very immoral actor, named Hugh Peters." There is no proof that Hugh Peters was "immoral," while he was an "actor" only in that sense in which Mr. Spurgeon is an actor. The Nonconformist divines of the Savoy Conference are once more absurdly and ungenerously called "Presbyterians," although they solemnly repudiated that title, and reminded the King and the bishops again and again that they preferred a modified Episcopacy to Presbyterianism. The Independents who emigrated in the *Mayflower* may have been narrow and intolerant; but it is a libel to call them, as Mr. Jennings does, "disorderly and scurrilous." They were at least haunted by the noble dream that an ideally perfect and orderly visible Church could be realized on this earth, and they fancied that they might be able to erect such a society in the New World. There is more scurrility in a single canto of *Hudibras* than in any hundred books of John Robinson and the "Pilgrim Fathers." Mr. Jennings loosely attributes to the Independents of the seventeenth century the ferocious language of the Mar-prelatists of a century earlier. The best chapter in his book is that upon "The Georgian Period," where, indeed, it would have been inexcusable for a schoolgirl composing a theme to have gone astray, the materials for compilation being so plentiful and ready to hand; but even here Mr. Jennings does not give any evidence that he has spent one hour in original research amongst the contemporary literature. The last chapter in the book is the worst. It is headed "The Church

\* *The Student's English Church History*. First Period. By G. G. Perry, Canon of Lincoln. London: John Murray. 1881.

*Ecclesia Anglicana*. By the Rev. A. C. Jennings, M.A. London: Rivingtons. 1882.

of the Present Day." It may not be untrue; but it seems as if it had been written for a party newspaper rather than for a handy book intended for the instruction of an "examinee" who may be of any party. When the author attacks the appointment of bishops and deans by the Prime Minister, on the ground that the latter "may be a Dissenter, and need not be a Christian," he aims a blow at his own appointment as vicar of a country parish. A patron of a benefice, as well as a Prime Minister, "may be a Dissenter, and need not be a Christian." But the man whom he presents to the Bishop for approval must be a rightly ordained priest, and the priest when he is appointed will be certain to claim the Christian allegiance of the parishioners. If the diocesan Church is to have a veto upon the appointment of its bishop, the parochial Church cannot easily be refused a veto upon the appointment of its priest.

When Mr. Jennings remarks that the authors of the better sort of handbooks of English Church history have "written too diffusely for the very practical purposes of an examinee," we presume that he has Canon Perry chiefly in view. He occasionally quotes Canon Perry as one of his authorities. We may seem to have shown a defective sense of proportion in giving so much more space to an indifferent handbook like *Ecclesia Anglicana* than we have reserved for a good and solid one like *The Student's English Church History*. But we are anxious to caution all "examinees" against putting themselves under the guidance of Mr. Jennings and similar compilers, who recommend their books upon the faulty ground that they will make very little demand upon the precious time of an "examinee." We freely grant that Mr. Jennings is readable, whereas Mr. Perry is frequently very heavy. But readableness is not the first of merits in historical compilation, especially where it is obtained at the sacrifice of exactness. We further grant that Mr. Jennings has wit enough, when he comes to dangerous places on the pathway of history, to keep so close to a safe authority that he cannot very well go far astray. It is when he ventures upon an independent judgment that he makes his worst blunders, and he does this far too frequently for the safety of the ingenuous youth who may take him as a guide. Meanwhile, his work certainly has one merit which is wanting in the better handbooks of Mr. Perry, and this is its solidarity. Mr. Jennings does not merely assert the historical continuity of the *Ecclesia Anglicana*, but he exhibits it. Canon Perry's volume is not a whole, but only the part of a whole; nor is it strictly so much a history as a piece of historical mosaic. It has been put together by a skilful, judicious, and conscientious, but not original, artist. He has provided himself with the best materials; he has taken very great pains to arrive at the truth; he is scrupulously anxious to avoid hasty, partial, and unfair judgments. Indeed he often seems to be almost sensitively afraid of stating his own independent judgment upon a man, an event, or a period. He has a habit of giving both sides of a question, balancing authority against authority; and it is not always clear to the reader whether the author's own judgment leans to this side or to that, or whether it is not still in suspense. We are almost startled when we find him venturing to criticize Dean Hook's account of Archbishop Boniface. Canon Perry's treatment of some of the Archbishops of Canterbury is so unduly amplified that he seems to have left himself no space even to mention others. Thus, while Boniface of Savoy has a quarter of a column given to him in the index, the great name of Thomas Bradwardine has not even a single line. It is true that Bradwardine's tenure of the Archbishopric was exceedingly short. But the influence of the noble English Doctor *profundus* upon contemporary theology and philosophy, the reverence with which the English reformer Wycliffe regarded him, and the fact that one of his successors, the likeminded Augustinian Archbishop Abbot, claimed him as eminently a forerunner of the Reformation, should have earned Bradwardine a few paragraphs in a history of the English Church. With the exception of Anselm, he was the only original thinker who sat in the chair of St. Augustine throughout the period of which Canon Perry treats; and, as Anselm was a foreigner, he was the only thinker whom the Church of England could claim as purely her own.

#### FRENCH LITERATURE.

THE eighth volume of the magnificent geographical survey of the world (1) which M. Elisée Reclus compiles and Messrs. Hachette publish is entirely devoted to India and the Indo-Chinese peninsula. Nearly a thousand pages, diversified with hundreds of maps, plans, diagrams, and woodcuts, representing buildings, landscapes, and ethnological types, contain what M. Reclus has to say on this important part of his subject. As usual, the special merit of the book is the careful working up and the luminous arrangement of the latest scientific and physical facts, the discoveries and observations of the most recent travellers being invariably embodied as far as possible. As an instance of this, it is noteworthy that, though Mr. Colquhoun has as yet published no full or regular account of his travels, M. Reclus still manages to lay him under contribution. The excellence of the maps (though we have to repeat some remarks already made on former volumes in reference to the obscurity produced by the overmarking of physical details in some of the smaller plans given in the text, where the

eye is not assisted by shades of colour) and the beauty of the woodcuts deserve all praise. In the political part of his work M. Reclus has not been able to exclude prejudice and partisanship so completely as might be desired. It is true that the subject is rather a trying one for a Frenchman; but it is not national partiality that we have to complain of. If M. Reclus seems to minimize the value of India to England, and the benefits conferred by England on India, he is by no means tender to the project of a French India in the regions of Tonquin. But it is difficult to pardon in a scientific writer the statement that "les cadets de l'aristocratie anglaise sont les parasites de leurs sujets, les malheureux rayots." M. Reclus ought to know that even in the Company days India was never an aristocratic preserve, but rather the promised land of the middle and lower classes, while, since the introduction of competition in awarding civil appointments, and the abolition of purchase in the army, the reproach has become still more ludicrously inapplicable.

M. Civiale's geological survey of the Alps (2), accompanied as it is by two admirably executed large-scale maps in separate cases, is a model of scientific execution. It does not pretend to be popular; but the author has relieved his technical details as he proceeds from the Jura to the Tyrol with a good deal of historical and other matter, which alleviates for the general reader the aridity of measurements, bearings, and mineralogical analyses. The same weak brother may be thought to have been consulted by the insertion of some very fine heliogravures after photographic views taken by the author. Of these the view of the Matterhorn deserves notice as one of the very few known to us which really convey some idea of the impressiveness of that famous mountain.

The early death of Signor Colonna-Ceccaldi deprived archaeological science of a student who was at once enthusiastic and sober, and who seems to have united enterprise with scientific accuracy in a manner not too common among his kind. A handsome volume (3), plentifully illustrated, records Signor Colonna-Ceccaldi's observations on discoveries of his own and other people's, principally in Cyprus. It appeals, of course, principally to specialists; but there is considerable general interest in it, and, among other things, some information bearing on the interminable controversy as to the Ctesia collection, which still disturbs American archaeologists, will be found.

M. Jules Claretie's *Un enlèvement au XVII. siècle* (4) is one of the very prettiest of the pretty little quartos and sextodecimos which M. Dentu has been lately publishing with more or less reference to that now fashionable period. With a rubricated frame to every page, and with divers delightful etchings by M. Lalauze, the book itself is all that can be desired. On the frontispiece Venus or Fortune, or anybody else (for it really does not matter), sports in the usual scanty attire with the usual plump and numerous Cupids, surrounded by the usual encadrement of shells, flowers, foliage, and other perfectly unintelligible and incongruous but agreeable matters. In the text there is a charming Cupid sitting on a large folio and reading another, besides other diverting pieces, the last of which, the tailpiece, is really too heartbreaking, inasmuch as it represents in severe vignette the same plump and pleasing deity mercilessly hung from an extemporized gallows with his bow and quiver on his back. For the elopement, or rather abduction, itself we confess that we do not care much, though it is given with great abundance of *pièces*. It is to a certain extent interesting as a commentary on that extraordinary enterprise of Bussy-Rabutin which all readers of Mme. de Sévigné know, and as an illustration of a once approved fashion of providing for younger sons and decayed branches of good families. But it has little interest in itself, certainly not enough to sustain the documents and details with which it is loaded. M. Claretie has, however, prefixed a long introduction entitled, "A Visit to the Hôtel de Soubise," which much more than redeems the book. The treasures of this hotel, where now is the French Record Office, with a museum to match, are passed rapidly in review in the author's best manner, and the essay is full of interesting things, such, for instance, as the information that the tables at which consultants of the records work are the actual tables at which Fouquier-Tinville and his brother scoundrels sat.

There were not wanting persons who declared at the time of M. Deschanel's (5) appointment to the Collège de France a year or two ago, that his undoubted and advanced Republican opinions had more to do with his selection as Assistant-Professor of French literature than his literary aptitude. His first course, which he has published in book form, shows fair, but not more than fair, qualifications for the post. The idea of the subject is not bad, if not entirely new—the illustration, namely, of the romantic element in the so-called classical authors. M. Deschanel's manner of lecturing is, perhaps, a little too familiar, and his criticism, like his style, hardly deserves praise as very polished or distinct. Nor does he seem to have escaped some errors arising from insufficient knowledge. For him, as for the majority of French historians of literature, the predecessors of Corneille are, with the exception of Hardy only, "the mediæval Mystery writers." He must know of Jodelle and Garnier, for he mentions both, but he gives his hearers

(2) *Les Alpes au point de vue de la géographie physique et de la géologie*. Par A. Civiale. Paris: Rothschild.

(3) *Monuments antiques de Chypre, de Syrie et d'Égypte*. Par G. Colonna-Ceccaldi. Paris: Didier.

(4) *Un enlèvement au XVII. siècle*. Par Jules Claretie. Paris: Dentu.

(5) *Le romantisme des classiques*. Par Emile Deschanel. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.

(1) *Nouvelle géographie universelle*. Par Elisée Reclus. Tome viii. Paris: Hachette.

no notion of that *Pléiade* tragedy which had occupied France for eighty years when Corneille wrote *Médée*. It is perfectly true, as Sainte-Beuve remarked, that scarcely any reference is made to this *Pléiade* drama by Corneille and his contemporaries, even on occasions (such as the *Cid* debate) when it might be expected. But this of itself is a subject for discussion, and, as Corneille's early plays are a distinct attempt to follow the Garnier model while enlivening it with action, it comes pat to M. Deschanel's subject. There is another curious evidence of haste in the book. Why does M. Deschanel repeatedly speak of M. Adolphe Regnier as the editor of the great edition of Corneille in the *Grands écrivains français*? It is quite true that M. Regnier directed and directs that admirable collection. But the Corneille is the special work of M. Charles Marty-Laveaux, and it is one of magnitude and merit enough to deserve that credit should be given to him for it.

A book which comes under notice immediately after the death of its author always has a certain interest for the time. But the late M. Louis Blanc's History of the Wallon Constitution (6) can hardly be said to have more than this rather adventitious attraction, except as it provides a document for future historians in the shape of an account of an incident not of the first importance, but of some importance, in French history, from a certain point of view. Its form is rather that of a selection of speeches and extracts of debates, with a running commentary, than of a regular history.

M. Jules Leclercq wrote a very pleasant book on the Canary Isles a few years ago; and, despite the abundance of English books on Iceland, he has written a volume on that subject (7) which is pleasant also. M. Leclercq is agreeably free from most of the faults of travellers in general, and from nearly all those of French travellers in particular. He can describe an Englishwoman without bestowing on her the teeth of an ogre, and can mention a German without any substitute for Oriental formulas respecting graves and grandmothers. He does not think that it is necessary for a traveller to make his book into a kind of mild novel of adventure, with himself for hero. He seems to have good temper, very fair powers of endurance, an eye for the beautiful, and a facile, but not too flowing, pen to describe it withal. With these good gifts it would be odd if he had not written a pleasant book. He did not attempt any of the more exciting adventures of Iceland—the Vatna Jökull, or the Askja, or anything of that kind—but he visited the more accessible parts of the island thoroughly, and has described them well. He quotes English works frequently, and has evidently got up his subject well. Nor do we notice any linguistic blunder, except one, which is so pleasing that (by no means out of malice) we must record it—the citation of Mr. Morris's poem as "The Earthen Paradise."

M. de Robiano (8) is not quite so pleasant a travelling companion as M. Leclercq; but he also is of the better order of travellers. Except a foray into the little visited regions of Araucania, most of the journeys of which he has to tell here were either on well-known steamboat routes, or among the coast cities of Chili, but they are very fairly told.

There are few Continental economists better known to Englishmen than M. de Laveleye, because of his frequent contributions to English periodicals. An introduction to political economy from him is, therefore, likely to be read with interest by those who pay any attention to the subject. Although, however, M. de Laveleye's book (9) is but a little one, and one very generally readable, it is not one that any man conversant with the dismal science would care to notice in brief. For the author has avowedly enlarged on the plans of his predecessors—plans which were often liberal and discursive enough in themselves—by discussing not a few questions of ethics and politics in addition to the special subjects of political economy. It so happens, too, that there is hardly any science, real or so called, which is so inevitably contentious as the dismal one. For instance, we open M. de Laveleye's book almost at its first page, and we find him quoting with approval the statement that "L'économie politique est une science qui a pour but de rendre l'aisance aussi générale que possible." Shortly afterwards he expresses the opinion that if all the wine, tobacco, and precious stones in the world were thrown into the sea, "nothing would be lost." Yet again (we are taking instances as much at random as possible) he lays it down that colonies at the present day are "an anachronism." Now there is no one of these propositions on which any man who takes delight in battle on such subjects, and who does not agree with M. de Laveleye's views, can resist the desire to do mortal combat with him. The only thing to say, therefore, is that M. de Laveleye expresses the views of the pattern doctrinaire Liberal on such subjects clearly, well, and with a fair show of argument and example.

An agreeable paradoxer once remarked that the most pressing question in English politics to his mind was not how long will the House of Lords last, but how long will people put up with the absurdity of a House of Commons? Had M. Boinvilliers been present on the occasion, he would have cordially agreed with that

paradoxer. His little book (10) is an attempt to draw from a study of the action of French elective Chambers at four important crises—1815, 1830, 1848, and 1870—the conclusion that such Chambers are on such occasions very bad counsellors, very bad representatives, and still worse governors. It is fair to say that he writes neither without knowledge nor without brains.

It is never very easy to decide whether a book of M. Aurélien Scholl's (11), especially a book like this, which consists of newspaper paragraphs and fragments stitched together, is worth mentioning. Of such a book (and of the alarmingly named *Orgie parisienne* just as well as of another or another's, except that M. Scholl writes better than most of his rivals) the same things are always to be said. There is a great deal of *forfanterie de vice*; there are most comic digressions, in which the writer, to show that he can be serious, settles religion, philosophy, politics, and such other trifling subjects offhand in a note or two; there are some amusing anecdotes and some lively social traits. But generally it may be said that the kind of book is only worth reading by a reader who knows when to apply the qualifying and hygienic pinch of salt, and that to such a reader *L'orgie parisienne* has no great spice of novelty.

In a little pamphlet, embellished with four large plates of balloons in different postures (12), M. Wilfrid de Fonvielle gives an account of recent attempts, successful and unsuccessful, to cross the Channel in balloons. As a fervent believer in that mode of locomotion, and himself a practitioner of it, M. de Fonvielle naturally takes a somewhat different view of the risks incurred from those who are not enthusiasts.

Of translations, reprints, and books which for one reason or other require little or nothing but a record of their appearance, we may notice a short and good little sketch of geology for schools (13); the third volume of M. Dillaye's new edition of Le Maçon's sixteenth-century version of the Decameron (14); the third series of M. de Goncourt's useful studies of eighteenth-century artists (15), including Fragonard and Prudhon, Debucourt the engraver, and the famous book-illustrators Eisen and Moreau le Jeune; translations of the much-talked-of *Democracy* (16) and of Frederick Douglas's *Memoirs* (17); a new edition of M. Vitet's book on the Louvre (18); and a treatise on the advantages of short service in the French army (19).

If anybody wishes to make himself uncomfortable with literature, he can do it at small trouble and expense by buying the convenient little edition of Mme. Ackermann's *Pensées* (20), which M. Lemerre has just published. Including the autobiographical introduction, there are considerably less than a hundred pages of it, consisting of agreeable pessimist reflections, varied by a great deal of Freethinking self-righteousness—a variety of the quality which (perhaps from prejudice) does not seem to us any more lovely than other varieties. Mme. Ackermann's talents and accomplishments long before she wrote these *Pensées* were such as to free her from the charge of mere posing. But pessimism which speaks is always a little contemptible. The genuine pessimist holds his tongue.

In *Le livre de la payse* (21) M. André Theuriot has given us some very charming, though quite unpretentious, poetry, celebrating the girls, the wine, the scenery of Lorraine, as agreeably in verse as he has often done in prose. "La chanson de la bouteille" is capital in its kind, so is "La valse," so is the whole series entitled "Les oiseaux." Indeed, for freshness and wholesomeness and a thoroughly genuine, if not very highflying, strain of poetry, the book may be commended beyond most recent French books of verse.

There is no doubt at all that M. Maurice Montégut (22) possesses considerable literary faculty. But, as he seems to have been writing for at least ten years, it would have been satisfactory to see some more evident signs of self-criticism than are apparent in the two solid and closely-printed volumes containing together (we should suppose) fifteen or twenty thousand verses, in which he has gathered up his work. His principal dramatic production, *Lady Tempest*, seems to have gratified Flaubert at its appearance, and no wonder; for it has something of *Les Burgraves* and something of *La tentation de saint Antoine* in its extraordinary mixture of

(10) *A quoi servent les parlements?* Par E. Boinvilliers. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.

(11) *L'orgie parisienne.* Par Aurélien Scholl. Paris: Dentu.

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(18) *Le Louvre et le nouveau Louvre.* Par L. Vitet. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.

(19) *La puissance de l'armée par la réduction de service.* Par E. Thiers. Paris: Germer-Baillière.

(20) *Pensées d'une solitaire.* Par L. Ackermann. Paris: Lemerre.

(21) *Le livre de la payse.* Par André Theuriot. Paris: Lemerre.

(22) *Drames.* Par Maurice Montégut. *Poésies.* Par Maurice Montégut. Paris: Charpentier.

(6) *Histoire de la constitution de 1875.* Par Louis Blanc. Paris: Charpentier.

(7) *La terre de glace.* Par Jules Leclercq. Paris: Plon.

(8) *Chili.* Par le comte E. de Robiano. Paris: Plon.

(9) *Éléments d'économie politique.* Par Emile de Laveleye. Paris: Hachette.

natural, unnatural, and supernatural incidents, its diction, and its irregularity. Of the non-dramatic poems some are lyrics, others long narrative pieces, nearly as tragical and sensational as the dramas. There is no doubt (let it be repeated) that M. Maurice Montégut often strikes the right note. But he encumbers it with such *floriture* of simply fashionable Bohemianism, irreligion, immorality, and other things, which are not pretty at any time, and least pretty of all when they are obviously affected, that it has some difficulty in getting itself heard. The careful reader of modern French literature cannot help wondering when a Frenchman will arise who will be good enough to let us take his *jeunesse orageuse*, his contempt for kings and gods, and all the other regular business, as read.

This reflection of course applies to novels even more than to poetry. The truth is that it is becoming more and more difficult even for a reader sufficiently versed in literature to be very far from squeamish to find a French novel of any power which is likely to give respectable pleasure, not merely to the young person, but to anybody who fails to perceive the attraction of vice simply as vice and nastiness simply as nastiness. A French reviewer (and by no means a prudish reviewer) of one of the books now before us suggested the other day, echoing, though he doubtless did not know it, a remark of Carlyle's, that the possession of some rudimentary notions of decency and morality by some of the characters would not only be a concession to popular prejudice, but a distinct gain in artistic and dramatic effect. We can endorse this suggestion very heartily as to more than one.

M. Zola's new volume of tales (23) may, we suppose, for him be called reasonably decent. It certainly is so in comparison with *Put-bouille*. But it is not so good as the *Contes à Ninon*. The author, however, in one of the rare intervals in which his imagination is swept and garnished, has shown (as he showed the other day in the *Attaque du moulin*) how entirely unnecessary it is for him to seek effect where he usually does. *Inondation* might go without an omitted word into an English Sunday-school magazine, and is an excellently worked-up story of pity and terror.

The prologue and epilogue of M. Louis Ulbach's *Confession d'un abbé* (24) are more interesting than the body of the story; but the book, in its author's usual sensational and rather morbid style, does not lack power.

M. Alain Bauquenne (25), like many other young novelists, has followed *Monsieur, madame et bébé*, of course exaggerating its faults, but not always failing to catch some of its merits.

M. Adolphe Belot's admirers may be disappointed to hear that their favourite author's most notorious works were written "merely to repose himself from too much immateriality," an excuse which would be more amusing if it were not consciously or unconsciously plagiarized to some extent from La Mettrie. *Les fugitives de Vienne* (26) is in this sense tolerably immaterial.

*Le sixième Margouillats* (27) is chiefly noticeable as containing in the early chapters a somewhat lively sketch of the life of a "griffin" in the French army in Algiers. Its interest and merit as a novel are small.

*Dans le monde* (28), which may possibly have one of the curious successes common in France, has been by implication sufficiently criticized above; and so has *La couleur* (29), an inferior book. But the volume in which the reader feels the defect of modern French crudity most is unquestionably *Fleurs d'ennui* (30), though it is less guilty actually than others. For the author, who calls himself Pierre Loti, is a writer of no small ability, as every book of his has shown. For a peculiar kind of dreamy descriptive power he has no rival in French at present, and the best passages of the book (they are, perhaps, to be found in the section called "Pasquale") are singularly good.

It is not at all unusual to make a celebrated public building the centre or pretext of a series of historical and biographical studies of the principal events and persons connected with it. But the idea is by no means a bad one, and in *The Luxembourg* (31) M. Louis Favre has had an excellent opportunity for putting it into practice. He has made an interesting book, the only objection to which is the somewhat disproportionate length at which the older and the more recent history respectively are handled. The cover bears the words "Le Luxembourg, 1300-1882"; but as a matter of fact the century since the Revolution has three times as much space as its five predecessors put together. There is some excuse for this, no doubt, but not, we think, quite enough. However, the book as it stands is full of interesting matter. The early mediæval days when the Carthusians first settled at Vauvert, the brief occupation in the seventeenth century by the family whose name has never since deserted the site, the erection and occupation of the palace by Marie de Medicis, begin the story. *La Grande Mademoiselle*

succeeds Marie de Medicis as the heroine of the Luxembourg, and the Duchesse de Berry, the Regent's daughter, succeeds Lauzun's unlucky wife. At the Revolution the Luxembourg, as is well known, became a prison, and from that time to the present it has been an important public building, having served with hardly an interruption as the abode of the Upper House (Senate or Chamber of Peers, as the case may be) since the year eight. M. Favre, therefore, has not lacked material of the anecdotic kind, and he has used it with good judgment and success.

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- (29) *La couleur*. Par Daniel Darc. Paris: Charpentier.
- (30) *Fleurs d'ennui*. Par Pierre Loti. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.
- (31) *Le Luxembourg*. Par Louis Favre. Paris: Ollendorff.